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THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

IN THIS NUMBER

WOMAN OF BABYLON
(Serial)

ROBERT E. LEE
(Eulogy by Hon. H. D. D. Twiggs)

JEAN CALAS
(Concluded)

WATSON'S SPEECH AT THOMSON

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GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

Vol. XXI MARCH, 1916 No. 5

THE WOMAN OF BABYLON

Joseph Hocking

CHAPTER I.

A Domestic Problem.

WALTER RAYMOND walked home from his office in a very thoughtful frame of mind. He felt that the subject which for months had been occupying his attention had become pressing. Action of some sort must soon be taken. His eldest daughter was now eighteen years of age, and in the ordinary course of things her education should be approaching completion. But he knew that such was not the case. In spite of his utmost endeavors he had never been able to send her to a good school, and, even had he been able to afford the necessary money, his wife's health was so delicate that the girl could be ill spared from home.

Walter Raymond had married for love, and, in spite of the hardships which his marriage had entailed, he had never regretted it. The nineteen years which had passed since he had refused to obey his father, who commanded him to take another woman for his wife, had been, on the whole, very happy. But for his wife's delicate health, and the smallness of his means, scarcely a cloud had appeared in the sky. Even when he thought of what might have been if he had obeyed his father, he did not repent. For he felt that his father had been harsh and unreasonable. He was a rich man, who seemed to believe in little else than the power of riches; therefore his great desire concerning his only son Walter was that he should marry a rich wife. Such a one he had chosen for him. But walter had learnt to love another, and, threaten as old Walter Raymond might, he could not alter his boy's decision.

"I tell you," cried the older man, "I know what poverty means. For years I struggled on a crust, and although at length I made money, my struggles made me an old man before my time. And I tell you this: unless you obey my wishes, not one penny of my money shall you have—no, not one penny."

"But," answered the son, "I do not love Miss Blight. No doubt she is all you have described her to be, but she is six years older than I, and looks old enough to be my mother."

"All the better," replied the father. "She is not one of your dressy, expensive minxes. She knows the value of sixpence, and will not throw it foolishly away. Besides, just think of it. She will bring you £40,000, if she will bring you a penny. Put that beside the sum which I will give you, and you will be the richest man for miles around. Anyhow, I have made up my mind. Either you marry her, or you get not a brass farthing from me. Why, think of that little doll Lucy Bennett that you are so fond of! Her father is despised everywhere. And no wonder, for he's willing to sell himself to any blackguard for five pounds, and yet if you sell him up to-morrow he isn't worth five pounds. A ditchwater lawyer with ten children! What can he do for you?"

"I have known Lucy for years, and loved her," replied the lad.

"Like father, like child. A rogue's child is sure to have some of her father's blood. Besides, even if she's all you think she is, you can't live on love."

"Life is worth nothing without it," was the lad's reply.

The next time he saw Lucy Bennett he had told her what his father had said, and when the tears welled up into her eyes as she besought him to give her up, young Walter, boylike, proposed that they should get married right away.

It was a mad thing to do, but a few days later they were married by special licence in a Congregational church. The minister who officiated had just left college, and knew nothing about them. Moreover, it was the first time he had performed the marriage ceremony, and he thought far more about the strangeness of the ordeal through which he was passing than the boy and girl who made their marriage vows in his presence. The registrar smiled as they walked into the vestry to sign the necessary papers, and as he pocketed his fee he wondered what old Walter Raymond would say when he heard of what had been done.

What Walter Raymond did say when his son told him was very expressive. He drove him from his house, and forbade him to ever darken his doors again.

And so it happened that young Walter Raymond, having only just taken his degree at Cambridge, was married at twenty-two years of age, and possessed, after paying his marriage fees, just twenty-two pounds ten shillings, being the sum he had saved out of the allowance his father had made him while he was an undergraduate.

Old Ezra Bennett grinned when he was told of the marriage. He reflected that his son-in-law's father was a very wealthy man, and, although he would be angry at first, would finally relent and restore him to favor. In that way his daughter Lucy would become one of the wealthiest women in the county.

So he wrote to a lawyer in London, who was at length persuaded to give young Walter a clerkship in his office at a small salary.

Thus it came about that Walter and Lucy came to London, and obtained apartments in the region of Battersea Park, where lodgings were plentiful and comparatively cheap.

Walter was not a brilliant young man, but he possessed a fair stock of common sense and a capacity for work. During his spare hours, therefore, he studied law, and through the kindness of the lawyer for whom he worked he obtained his articles, and presently became qualified to practise.

When their first baby was born a year after their marriage, he sent his father a letter, telling him of the event, and also informing him that they had named the little baby girl Joyce, after his (Walter's) mother, who had died years before. To this he had received no reply, and although the young fellow wrote on three subsequent occasions, no answer of any sort was elicited. Indeed, his last two letters were returned unopened.

Lucy's health, never robust, was always very unsatisfactory after the birth of Joyce. She was constantly ailing, and then Walter, who had been tenderly reared and surrounded by many luxuries as a boy and youth, found himself as a married man doing the work of a domestic servant. He was up before seven each morning, he lit the fire, cooked the breakfast, cleaned his boots, and did a great deal of household work before going to his office. But he never complained. He loved his wife very dearly, and she, in spite of the natural irritation which results from debilitated nerves, was a fond and devoted wife.

As the years went by other children were born to them, first a boy—who died at his birth—and then two more girls, whom he named Rachel and Madaline respectively. In spite of his increased family, however, his circumstances were not so hard as they had been during the first three years of his marriage. He had joined three others in the rent of an office, and, although he had never obtained a large practice, he made an income which met their frugal needs. Indeed, as I have said, Walter Raymond was very happy, although having to exist on very slender means. Had Lucy been in better ehalth, and could he have obtained his father's forgiveness, he would have been perfectly happy, even although he lived in comparative poverty.

When Madaline was four years old, a son was born to them. This boy they named Walter, not because he desired to perpetuate his own name, but because of his father, of whom he still thought with affection.

But now a problem faced him. At the time this story opens Joyce, the eldest child, was eighteen years of age—a bright, beautiful, and impressionable girl. Had she possessed educational advantages, she would have made good use of them, for she was quick to learn and eager for knowledge; but, owing to her mother's delicate health, the child had been obliged to take a great many of her mother's duties upon herself. At eighteen, therefore, although bright and clever, she could not have passed a fifth standard examination at a Board school. This grieved Walter greatly. He had done his best during the evening to help her, but there were so many household duties to perform, and so many things to do for the younger children, that the poor child was little more than a drudge.

"If anything were to happen to me," reflected the poor fellow, "I can see nothing for the children but domestic service."

And he was perfectly right. Even Joyce, the eldest, was, sad

to relate, behind Board school children of twelve or thirteen in general knowledge.

Lately, however, things had taken a brighter turn. Lucy's health had so much improved, and Walter's position had so much bettered, that he seriously considered the question of sending Joyce to a good school. But here his difficulty came. The fees at good schools were more than he could afford. He had made diligent inquiries, and he discovered that, economise as he might, he could not send Joyce away to school, bearing in mind clothes and ordinary necessities, for less than sixty or seventy pounds a year. It was true there was a middle class school near where he lived, and where the fees were not exorbitant; but he reflected that there was little chance for Joyce to attend to home studies, and the girl had become so accustomed to household duties that he knew she would want to help her mother when she ought to be doing her school work.

He had noticed, moreover, that Joyce had shown quite a gift in languages. It was remarkable with what ease she picked up words in French and German, and Walter longed that his child should become proficient in these tongues.

An educated man himself, he felt Joyce's ignorance very keenly. And yet he could not have helped himself. Being the eldest child she had naturally taken her mother's place and attended to the younger children, while her own education had suffered. In vain he cudgelled his brains. In spite of his increased practice, he could not afford to pay seventy to a hundred pounds a year for Joyce to go to a good school. He was a proud man, and he could not bear the thought of his child being dressed less stylishly than the other children who would be her companions. Thirty or even forty pounds he might have managed by rigid economy, but not more. He remembered the other three, and that he must do his duty by them.

Once he thought of appealing to his father, but he refrained. His last two letters had been returned unopened, and he was too proud to write again, especially when the next communication would probably suffer the same fate.

On the day my story opens, however, something had happened. Not much, but enough to send Walter Raymond from his office in a thoughtful frame of mind. About four o'clock that afternoon a client had called, and after he was gone Walter noticed that he had left a paper behind him. It was of no consequence, he thought; people do not trouble about penny newspapers. So he let it lie on the chair, while he went on with his work. When closing hour had arrived, he prepared to go home, and was on the point of throwing the paper into the waste paper basket when he noticed the heading —*The Catholic Times*.

"Oh, I remember," he said: "Dilton is a Roman Catholic. I wonder what this thing is like?"

He glanced through its pages casually, but, seeing nothing of importance, was about to throw it down, when he was struck by the educational advertisement column.

"My word," he said to himself presently, "I had no idea of such a thing. Here should be all I need," and he read for a second time an advertisement that particularly struck him.

"School of St. Mary the Martyr. High-class educational estab-

lishment. French and German by native teachers. Drawing, mathematics, history, literature, etc. etc. Special attention to English girls, who are prepared for educational vocations. Liberal table. Fine old house and grounds. Gymnasiums, swimming baths, fields for sports, comforts of home. All the teachers have the best diplomas. No religious bias. Terms £20 per annum. Apply the Mother Superior, School of St. Mary the Martyr, Bruges, Belgium."

"Twenty pounds a year!" cried Walter. "Why, even I could afford that. I could even send Rachel at the same time," and he read the advertisement again.

"Evidently it is one of those Roman Catholic schools," he considered. "I suppose all the teachers will be nuns, and will therefore work for nothing; but I should have thought that even then they could not afford to keep a well-grown girl for twenty pounds a year."

With that he started to walk from the City towards Battersea, still pondering over what he had seen.

"I don't altogether like it," he thought presently, as he made his way along the Embankment. "This school will be completely under priestly control, and the idea doesn't please me that Joyce shall be placed amidst such associations. Still, I daresay that, like all Protestants, I'm prejudiced. My father brought me up with the idea that Romanism was an enemy to the race, and, although history seems to support his contention, I've no doubt it's all exaggerated. Besides, it's clearly stated that there would be no religious bias. Yes, this is surely my way out of the difficulty."

And yet he was not quite satisfied. Not that Walter Raymond could be accused of having narrow religious ideas. Indeed, some would not have called him a religious man at all. It was not often he went to any place of worship. Occasionally of a Sunday evening he went to church if any preacher of note visited the neighborhood, but this did not often happen. Moreover, on these occasions he did not trouble whether the preacher were a Nonconformist or an Episcopalian. He went because he liked to hear a well-reasoned address, and then came away thinking but very little about it. On the other hand he was not irreligious. He was as honest as the day, and hated anything like meanness and lies. He had taught his children to be truthful, and pure, and upright, and to believe in an overruling Power. If anyone had asked him for his religious creed, he would have said with Tennyson, "I believe in One Who watches over us, and that personality does not cease with death." But he allied himself to no church, even although he encouraged his children to attend some place of worship every Sunday. Those who knew him best thought of him as a quiet, thoughtful, hardworking man, honest to the heart's core, and one who tried to do his duty by all men.

Thus, if he hesitated about sending his eldest daughter to what he thought was a convent school, it was not because of narrow religious prejudices. Rather, it was something which he could not very well put into words.

"After all," he said to himself again presently, "my father is a strong Protestant, and his Protestantism has made him neither kind

nor forgiving. Anyhow, I will speak to Lucy about it tonight, and then we shall be able to decide."

When he entered the house Joyce ran to meet him. As I have said, she was a bright, handsome girl, and promised to be a beautiful woman. Walter kissed her affectionately, and laughed more heartily than usual as side by side they walked into the dining room, where Mrs. Raymond sat.

"Well, Lucy, how have you been today?" he asked.

"Oh, much better, Walter," she said brightly. "I am really hoping that I have at last lost those terrible headaches."

"Thank Heaven," said Walter, as he looked at her pale face. "Perhaps," he said presently, "I shall be able to take you to Broadstairs, or some such place, for a few days."

"Why, has business been better?" she asked eagerly.

"It hasn't become worse, anyhow. Besides, I'm inclined to think that a good thing will come in my way. If it does—well, we shall see. But I am glad you've had a good day, little wife."

Lucy Raymond had somewhat faded during the nineteen years of her married life, but it was still plainly to be seen that she must have been very pretty in her girlhood, and that even now, if she could regain her health, could become a handsome woman.

"Oh, yes, I have had a good day; indeed, for weeks I've been better, and with the summer coming on I'm full of hope."

During dinner the little family chatted pleasantly together. It was easy to see that perfect trust and confidence existed between them. Moreover, it was evident that there was a perfect comradeship between father and children. They told him of their experiences through the day, while the wife trusted and loved him completely.

Later, when the children had retired, Walter broached the subject of which he had been thinking.

"Read that, Lucy," he said to his wife, passing her the advertisement.

"It is very cheap, but I do not like it," she said.

"Why?"

"I do not like these Catholic schools."

"Do you know anything against them?"

"No, indeed; I have heard that the education given is exceedingly good—far better than can be found in most other schools. But still, the teachers will be all nuns."

"Yes, I suppose so: but you see what they say: 'No religious bias.'"

"Do you believe that?"

"Why not? I do not see how they could dare to urge Catholic dogmas when they promise not to. You see, whether Catholic or Protestant, we must assume that they are honorable people. All the same, I think I understand your feeling. The whole atmosphere and influence of the place will be Catholic. Must be, in fact. The children must be constantly associated with Catholic forms and Catholic expressions. Still, I don't think we need to fear for Joyce. She is a bright, intelligent girl, although her education has been sadly neglected. Besides, you see how cheap it is. Twenty pounds a year!"

"But I don't suppose she would be able to go to a Protestant church. I doubt whether one exists in Bruges."

"Well, and what then? There is nothing much in the churches here, Protestant though they pretend to be, that would help her much."

"Still, I don't like the idea of Joyce becoming a Catholic."

"There is no reason why that should happen. I should have a good talk with her before she went away; indeed, I should make every possible inquiry before taking any definite steps. But here is the truth, Lucy. The child's lack of education saddens me terribly. Of course, we couldn't help it, and no one is to be blamed. Even now my income is very small—so small that I could not afford to send her to such a school as I should like here in England. Indeed, unless we take such a step as this, I do not see how she is to have an education befitting a lady. If this turns out all right, the other children could go later, and thus they would all have an inexpensive but a really good education."

Yes, there is a great deal in it," conceded Mrs. Raymond. "How did you get hold of the paper?"

"Mr. Dilton left it at my office."

"Oh, I see. Of course, I know Mrs. Dilton a little. They are very respectable people, and they might know a good deal about it. What do you say to my calling on Mrs. Dilton and asking her to tell me what she knows?"

"Not at all a bad idea," replied Walter. "There's the bell ringing. I should not be at all surprised if that is not Harrington."

"Who's he?"

"He's a young barrister who is sure to rise. I think I shall brief him if the affair of which I spoke to you comes off."

"You'll not speak to him about Joyce's school?"

"Not at present, certainly. He knows nothing of our circumstances."

A minute later a young fellow stood in the room who from personal appearance perfectly justified Walter Raymond's prophecy concerning him. He was a keen-eyed yet happy-looking fellow, full of vivacity and merriment; at the same time one who gave evidence of a sane judgment, and with intellectual powers beyond the ordinary.

The two men chatted an hour over a pipe, concerning a law case in which they were both interested, and then Walter Raymond prepared to go to bed.

"I almost wish I'd spoken to Ned Harrington about that school," remarked Walter to his wife when he had gone.

"Why?"

"He's such a sane fellow. I never knew a man who could go to the bottom of things so quickly. Moreover, young as he is, he has had a great deal of experience. Mark my words, Lucy; in less than ten years from now that fellow will be at the top of the tree."

"I should like our boy Walter to be a barrister."

"So should I. Still, there's time enough to think about him. Joyce is my supreme care just now. You'll be sure and call on Mrs. Dilton tomorrow, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll not forget."

"But meanwhile we will say nothing about it to Joyce.

I should not like to raise hopes in the child's heart which might never be fulfilled."

"I'll be careful. Oh, Walter, I'm hoping now that the future will be really bright. I know, owing to my bad health, I've been an awful burden—and—and if you had only married as your father desired——"

"You be quiet, little wife," said Walter, kissing her. "I could never have been happy with anyone else. Besides, in spite of our poverty, we have been happy. And now you are going to get better —I feel sure of it. So, with Joyce's education provided for, and my prospects a bit brighter, why, it's simply grand."

The next night, when Walter Raymond came back from his office, there was a look of pleasant excitement in his wife's eyes, as though she had good news to communicate.

CHAPTER II.

Father Brandon Pays a Call.

"Well, I've seen Mrs. Dilton," said Mrs. Raymond, as soon as she was alone with her husband.

"That's right. Well, what did she say?"

"She said she knew of several children of Protestant families who had been to Catholic schools on the Continent."

Yes, and how did they turn out?"

"Splendidly. She says that the children have returned, and have not ceased to be Protestants. It is true they have had a lot of silly prejudices destroyed, but nothing more. Do you know, she's sending her own girl there, so she would be a nice companion for Joyce."

"Did she give you the address of any of these parents?"

"Yes; she gave me two—here they are."

"Well, this seems perfectly straightforward. Still, I'll make further inquiries."

"There is something else I have to tell you. Mrs. Dilton says she knows a priest who is perfectly acquainted with the school. He has lived in Bruges, in fact, and often visited it. He knows the Mother Superior personally, and could give first-class information."

"Yes," said Walter, slowly and thoughtfully.

"Besides, Mrs. Dilton told me that she was constantly seeing Father Brandon, and that she would tell him to call on us. I told her you were never home except during the evenings," she added.

"But we cannot expect a busy priest to call on us," said Walter.

"That's what I remarked to Mrs. Dilton," replied Mrs. Raymond, "but she said that Father Brandon would be delighted. He is an Irishman, it appears, and is the very soul of kindness. I should think he must be a very nice man, too; Mrs. Dilton made me laugh immoderately at some of his stories. I should like to hear them."

"Did she say when she thought he might be able to call?"

"No, but I told her that one evening was almost as good as another to us, as you always stayed in with me. Then she asked me if tonight would do, and I said you would be in tonight."

"So he might call tonight?"

"Of course, he might. I do not suppose he will, but after his work is over he might drop in."

"Anyhow, I'll write a letter to these people whose addresses you have given me," said Walter, "and I might also drop a line to the Mother Superior right away. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that this is the right step to take. The curriculum of the school is exceedingly good; languages are taught by native teachers, while everything else seems satisfactory. For the life of me I cannot see how they can afford to do it for twenty pounds a year, though."

"There are other advantages too," said Mrs. Raymond eagerly. "Mrs. Dilton says that if there are a certain number of pupils they can travel to Bruges at a specially reduced rate."

"In any case, the travelling cannot be very dear," said Walter. "The fare from here to Dover is only a few shillings, while I know it is very cheap to get to Brussels. I've often seen advertisements. And Bruges is far nearer to London than Brussels. Why, I daresay we might avail ourselves of cheap trips, and go across ourselves sometimes—that is, if my practice goes on well."

"That would be splendid," said Mrs. Raymond, and Walter noted with pleasure how much better she seemed.

He sat down and wrote the three letters of which he spoke, and scarcely had he finished the last when the door bell rang.

Walter went to the door himself, and when he opened it saw a man dressed in clerical attire.

"Excuse me for calling at this unearthly hour," said that gentleman, "but I was just passing, and as Mrs. Dilton told me that you were interested in a school in Bruges I thought I might as well drop in."

"You are Father Brandon?" said Walter.

"Yes, that's my name."

"This is indeed kind of you," said Walter heartily. "I am very glad to see you; come in, will you?"

Father Brandon was a well-dressed, well-fed-looking man of about forty years of age. Moreover, he looked young for his years, and had an air of *bonhomie* that was very pleasant to the hard-working lawyer. He looked as cheerful and light-hearted as a boy, and his round, clean-shaven checks fairly shone.

"He does not look as though he fasted much, at any rate," thought Walter. "Well, all the better. I hate these cadaverous, bloodless-looking parsons."

"I smell tobacco smoke," said the priest with a laugh, after he had been introduced to Mrs. Raymond.

"Yes," said Walter. "Will you have a cigar?" And he turned to the cupboard which contained a box of cigars which he could not afford to smoke himself but kept for visitors.

"I would rather join you with a pipe, if I may," said the priest. "There's nothing like a pipe for real comfort. Ah, this is splendid!"

He sat down in the armchair beside the fire, and stretched out his legs with evident enjoyment.

"The English winters last as long as they can, don't they?" he said. "Here we are at the beginning of April, and still the nights are cold. Still, thank God the winter is drawing to a close. My parishioners are mostly poor, and the suffering through the cold weather has been terrible. Look here, sir; the Government ought to do something definite. Work should be provided for every man. It's the only remedy, sir—the only remedy. I have begged and borrowed, and almost stolen, for my people, and still I've only been able to touch the fringe of the poverty. But in a rich country like this it is a shame. A million or so a year devoted to relief works, and poverty would be impossible—impossible. And yet we spend untold millions on warships, and leave people starving!"

He grew quite enthusiastic. He spoke with fluency and fervour, and manifested such heartfelt sympathy with the poor that Walter's heart warmed towards him.

"This is a man, and not a priest," he said to himself. "What do I care what his creed is when he gives his life to working for the poor?"

"But I must really ask your forgiveness," said Father Brandon at length. "I did not mean to talk in this way, but my people tell me I am a perfect fanatic when I get talking about such questions. Mrs. Dilton told me that you had seen an advertisement about a school in Bruges, and thought of sending your daughter there."

"Yes," said Walter, "and my wife tells me that you know it intimately."

"I worked in Bruges for two years, and visited the school often. A first-rate school, Mr. Raymond. In fact, you might search the Continent all over, and not find a better."

"You know the Mother Superior?"

"Yes, I know her."

"Can you tell me something about her?"

"I am almost afraid to do so, Mr. Raymond. You are a lawyer, I'm told, and lawyers always suspect extravagant statements. But I only know one fault that she has."

"And that?"

"She is too good, too kind, too indulgent."

"You mean that she is not a good disciplinarian?"

"Yes and no. The truth is, she rules by love. She does not believe in punishment of any sort. As a consequence you find a different atmosphere there from that of any school I know of. There is so much freedom, so much laughter. And yet, mark you, the pupils never break over their traces. Although she never uses force, they all love to obey her."

"Of course, it is a Catholic school?"

"Certainly."

"I notice that the advertisement states that no religious bias is given."

"Certainly not. It is a school, and is carried on on strictly educational lines. Not a word is said to Protestant children about religion—not a word. They are not asked nor expected to go to church. Some go, I suppose, out of curiosity, but no influence is exerted. It is a sort of go-as-you-please establishment in that direc-

tion; nevertheless, there is no better governed school in Europe."

"It's not a charity school in any form?"

"Most decidedly not. And yet, let me be exact. The school, which was an old mansion, was given to the Church for educational purposes. A rich Flemish gentleman who believed in education, gave it, and fitted it up as a school, only stipulating that the education should be cheap, and that it should be open to all religions and all nationalities. Splendid idea, wasn't it?"

"I have wondered how it could be done for the money."

"It does seem wonderful, doesn't it? But the Mother Superior went into figures with me. First of all, there are no teachers' salaries. Neither Mother Superior nor nuns take a penny of any sort. Then the grounds given to the school grow nearly all that is necessary for food. Besides, things are cheap in Belgium, and what has to be bought can be obtained for sums that seem impossible here in England. As a matter of fact, the fees just cover the cost of keeping the pupils. And I can tell you they feed well. I have been there, and I know. Ha—ha!"

"On Fridays?"

"I'll be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Raymond. On Fridays all the pupils, Protestant as well as Catholic, live on fish and vegetable diet. That is a rule, and is strictly adhered to."

"Well, I see nothing to object to in that. Plenty of fish once a week is not going to hurt anyone. For that matter, although I don't carry it out, I'm in theory a vegetarian."

"So am I—in theory; but in practice, ha—ha! No, no; not in practice! Give me a good juicy steak, in spite of all the vegetarian arguments. As for the girls—you should see them, Mrs. Raymond. Rosy-cheeked and plump, every one of them. Oh, you need have no fear on that score."

After this, both Mr. and Mrs. Raymond asked many other questions, which the priest answered readily and frankly. An hour after, when Father Brandon left the house, all their fears had disappeared.

"I never saw a nicer fellow," said Walter heartily. "Not a bit of a parson about him, except his clothes."

"And so broad-minded too," said Mrs. Raymond; "far more so than the Church of England clergy, or, for that matter, than many Nonconformist ministers."

"Just what I thought," said Walter. "He had no pious cant, neither did he adopt any professional airs."

"Yes, he's just splendid. I'm glad you asked him to drop in and smoke a pipe with you sometimes. It must be very tame for you, having only me and the children."

"That's all nonsense," said Walter; "all nonsense. I've never felt the want of anyone but you. It's true we have not made many friends, and that fact, I expect, has drawn us more closely together. But it will be a hard pull to part with Joyce, even although we know she's well cared for."

The answers to the inquiries which Walter sent out proved so eminently satisfactory that it was eventually decided for Joyce to go to Bruges, and a week or two later she went away with a light heart and many pleasant anticipations. It is true Walter could not help feeling sad at her departure, and, as he declared again and

again, the house did not seem the same without her. Still, as he received letters, full of good news and pleasant experiences in connection with her school life, he felt as though the paper which Mr. Dilton had accidentally left in his office was almost like a dispensation of Providence.

Meanwhile, Father Brandon paid an occasional call at the house when Walter was at home. He read Joyce's letters with evident satisfaction, and laughed heartily at the stories which she related.

"Didn't I tell you?" he said again and again. "I tell you there's not a better girl's school in Europe—no, not in Europe. You mark my words: when she comes home at the end of a year or so you'll hardly know her. You'll find her brighter, smarter, and with that air which only the Continent can give. Oh, I know what you would say, and no one can admire the sterling worth of the English character more than I. But there is something about those people on the Continent. 'Style' is the best word I can give it. Why, place two girls before me now, one educated in your best English schools and the other educated at such a school as that where your daughter is gone, and I could tell in a moment. The girl educated in the English school would lack the *verve*, the *esprit*, the *savoir-faire*, and the polish of the other. Let them both seek a situation as governess in a high class family, and I know which would get it. Let the English schoolgirl try and talk French and German, and then let the other speak. There is a world of difference!"

To this kind of talk both Walter and his wife listened with eagerness, and at each visit both had a higher opinion of the happy, hard-working priest.

Unconsciously too—and especially was this true of Mrs. Raymond—all their prejudices concerning Roman Catholics were removed.

"What does it matter?" said Walter again and again. "Religion is only a matter of association and temperament. If I had been born in a Catholic country, I should have been in all probability a Catholic. And even if I had—well, what then? You can't expect all the world to see alike, and there are good people among all religions."

As for Mrs. Raymond, her association with Father Brandon had led her to attend some services at a Roman Catholic church, and each of these had impressed her very much.

"They are not like services at the Protestant churches," she was led to say. "There is something different; something which I can scarcely epxlain. In the Protestant churches, especially in the Nonconformist churches, it is all so matter-of-fact. You know the meaning of everything. The hymns and the lessons and the sermon —well, you know all about it. But in the Roman Catholic it is all so wonderfully strange. The Latin prayers, the candles, the incense, the vestments—it's all so solemn and so mysterious that I feel quite awed."

Walter, on the other hand, who went with her, was not so impressed.

"I like Brandon out of church tremendously," he said, "but I'm hanged if I like this mummery. There's not enough of sun-

shine and open air in it to please me. Besides, you've to take too much on trust."

Still, he never made any objection to his wife going, and was, on the whole, perfectly contented that she should prefer going to the Roman Catholic services to those of the Protestant order.

When midsummer drew near, and the question of Joyce coming home for the long vacation was mooted, they were reluctantly led to the conclusion that it would be better for her to remain in Belgium. First, there would be the expense of the journey; but also, Father Brandon convinced them that it might upset her if she came home so soon.

"It's always the hardest time, this coming home from school after the first term," he urged. "You see, she will not be quite settled down to school life, and thus will feel it hard to return after a long holiday. If I were in your place, I'd give her a year. Let the delights of school—aye, more, let the joy of successful competition be hers before she returns home. Then you'll find her eager to go back again."

So Walter yielded, thinking that, all things considered, it would be best, although the thought of it made his heart sore. When he receiveyd Joyce's letter, however, telling him that she would not be alone during the vacation, but that at least thirty girls would remain with her, and that she looked forward to a very happy time, he was comforted.

One day during August Father Brandon called in the afternoon. He found only Mrs. Raymond at home, but did not seem at all dismayed on that account.

"I should like to thank you for the lovely sermon you preached last night, Father Brandon," she said. "I do not think I ever heard anything like it before."

"I dealt with a very profound truth, Mrs. Raymond," said the priest solemnly, and assuming for the first time since she had known him an air of authority. "The sermon could not be otherwise than impressive if I were at all faithful. 'He that is ashamed of Me before men, of him will I be ashamed before God and His holy angels.' It is a terrible thing to be ashamed of Christ."

"Oh, I felt that last night," said Mrs. Raymond. "I have felt it ever since. I have often thought that Walter and I have been wrong in not going to church oftener."

"It is not simply a matter of going to church, Mrs. Raymond. It is a matter of being received *into* the Church," replied the priest solemnly.

"I was brought up in the Church of England," said Mrs. Raymond, "and was confirmed when I was sixteen. Walter, on the other hand, was brought up a Nonconformist."

The priest was silent.

"So, of course," went on Mrs. Raymond timidly, "I have been received into the Church."

"Pardon me, I do not think so," said Father Brandon.

"But I was confirmed, and have sometimes gone to Holy Communion," urged Mrs. Raymond.

"Where?" asked the priest.

"At St. Mary's."

"That is what is called the Church of England?"

"Yes."

"Have you reflected, Mrs. Raymond, that there can be only one Church, one real Church? Our Lord, when He was here upon earth, came to establish a Church. Of course, you know that?"

"Yes, of course."

"Then where is it?"

"Where is it?"

"Yes, where is it? Our Lord gave power to His apostles and to their successors, and only to them. Where are those successors? As far as I know, they are to be found only in the one Church, the Catholic Church—the Church which existed from the first. It was on Peter that Christ built His Church, and St. Peter became the first Pope. Then the blessed apostles went everywhere, preaching the gospel and extending the Church—the one Church, the only Church."

"But," said Mrs. Raymond weakly, "the clergymen of the Church of England claim to belong to the apostolic succession."

"Claim—yes, of course, they do. But think, Mrs. Raymond. During that sad age of apostasy the Church in England became reprobate and schismatic, and although the Holy Father was very kind, he was at length obliged to excommunicate this branch of the Church. When it was excommunicated, it was no longer a part of the Church. It never can become a part of the Church until it is received back into the fold by the great Head. Has it ever been received back? When Mr. Gladstone pleaded with the Pope to admit the validity of Angelican orders, how was his plea regarded? The Holy Father was very clear and plain. He declared the so-called Church of England to be no Church, but a schismatic body—that there was no difference between all the Protestant Churches of England, whether belonging to the State or Nonconformist."

"So, then, you do not regard my confirmation as an admission into the Church?"

"What you did, you did in ignorance, my child."

"Then you do not think it wrong to remain a member of the Church of England?"

"You listened to the only voice you heard, Mrs. Raymond: but now, having heard the voice of the true Church, what now? I say this most solemnly: you have heard the voice of the true Church: you have been urged to rest your head on its bosom. After having heard that voice, it is at your peril that you refuse to obey."

The priest had marked his time carefully. For months he had been studying Mrs. Raymond's character; he had watched her at the services, and little by little he had prepared her mind for this time.

"I will admit," said Mrs. Raymond presently, "that I have received great help from your services. They are so soothing—so restful. For years I have been troubled about matters of faith, and I have felt too weak and ignorant to face them. When I have been at your Church I have felt that I could rest."

"Ah, that is it, Mrs. Raymond. What does our blessed Lord say? 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' That is what He is saying today through His Church. Why should you seek to answer questions of faith? The Church answers them for you. Why should you struggle and strive? The Church does that for you? All you have to do is to lean your

tired head on her great broad bosom and rest. Have you difficulties, trials, sins? It is for you to come to the priest of the true Church and confess them. Then you will receive guidance and absolution."

"I must speak to my husband about it," said Mrs. Raymond weakly.

"Is your husband the one to whom you can go on such a matter?" said the priest. "If I were in a legal difficulty, I should go to a lawyer; if my body ailed anything, I should go to a doctor; but if it were a matter of my soul, I should go to a priest. I have no doubt your husband is a kind and honest man; but do you think he could help you? Think, my child; think."

"I have never kept anything from Walter since we were first married," said Mrs. Raymond with tearful eyes.

"And, broadly speaking, you have been right," said the priest; "but is not this a matter which is of a different nature? Remember our Lord's words: 'He that loveth husband or wife more than Me is not worthy of Me.'"

For more than an hour they talked together, the woman raising her little difficulties and the priest answering them. When at last Father Brandon rose to go, he felt sure of the future.

When by-and-by Walter Raymond returned from business, his wife received him affectionately, but she did not tell him that Father Brandon had called. This was the first time that a secret had ever existed between husband and wife.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Service.

Ralph M. Thomson

Sparrow on your humble nest,
  Mothering your feathered brood,
Oftentimes I've marked your quest,
  After particles of food.

Whether gray or blue the sky,
  Caring not what fate should give,
Back and forth I've watched you fly,
  That your helpless ones might live.

Seeming not in need of rest,
  Chirping cheer, all things above,
Sparrow on your humble nest,
  You are Service—you are—Love!

ROBERT E. LEE.

An Address by Judge H. D. D. Twiggs

JUDGE TWIGGS having been presented to the audience by Captain F. D. Bloodworth, President of the Confederate Veterans' Association, in a stirring and eloquent introductory address spoke as follows:

Comrades and Ladies and Gentlemen:

I cannot hope to fulfill the promise just made to you by my eloquent friend, but I am consoled by the thought that no speaker who has in the past preceded me, and none who will in the future succeed me, will ever be able to do justice to the subject I am here to discuss briefly tonight, by the invitation of this association * * * I thank him, however, with all by heart for his kind and generous expressions.

Robert Edward Lee was born at Stratford-on-the-Potomac, in Westmoreland County, Virginia, on the 19th day of January, 1807, just 109 years ago today. As is well known he was the son of "Light Horse Harry Lee," and his mother was Annie Carter, and, while he claimed nothing from the fact, and never boasted of it, he was descended from a stock of men who, when taken together, have had no equal in American genealogy. Washington said, "I know of no country that can produce a family all distinguished as the Lees of Virginia." Richard Lee, the first of his line to cross the seas, was a landholder of Stratford, in the County of Essex, England. This founder of the Virginia house sprang from an illustrious line of knights and gentlemen bearing the name of Lee, who dwelt originally in Shropshire, and in the reign of James the First, in 1620, a member of the Lee family became an English baronet. An ancestor of Robert E. Lee fought on the side of William the Conquerer at Hastings; another with "Richard Cœur de Lion" in the Third Crusade, and his mother could trace her descent to King Robert Bruce of Scotland. It will be seen, therefore, that on both sides of the house he sprang from a long line of illustrious ancestry—soldiers, scholars and statesmen—men of the highest prominence, but better by far than this, both men and women of the greatest philanthropy, culture and purity of character.

Virginia was really the cradle of American liberty and the American ancestors of General Lee took a conspicuous part in the formation of our great Republic, though it is the common boast of our New England friends that the Pilgrim fathers shaped and founded its destinies. Let us see about this. Were I standing on Plymouth Rock today and permitted to speak to the sons of the Pilgrim fathers who had assembled there to celebrate the landing of the *Mayflower*, I could tell them that one year before the landing of that historic craft the English Cavaliers had landed at Jamestown, Virginia. I could tell them that at Jamestown was convened the first legislative assembly of the New World. I could tell them that when the Mother Country had denied the charter rights of the American Colonies and attempted the tyranny of coercion, a lesson which, it seems, was not lost upon their Puritan descendants, it was a cavalier, George Mason, who drew the immortal Bill of Rights. I could tell them that it was a Cavalier, Richard Henry Lee, the Cicero of the American Revolution,

who first proclaimed "That these Colonies are, and of a right, ought to be free and independent States," who, but for the illness of his wife, would have written the Declaration of Independence instead of Thomas Jefferson; and I could tell them it was that glorious rebel and great Virginian, George Washington, who led the Continental armies and achieved the independence which had been so declared.

It is almost invariably true that in eulogies pronounced upon the departed great, more or less extravagance is indulged in—this seems to be expected, and arises from a natural and pardonable impulse of generous human nature. But in the case of Lee no language could be extravagant, or even strong enough, to convey in fitting and adequate terms, the grandeur of his character. While the lives of the most illustrious which have shone in the galaxy of greatness, though not forgotten, fade and become dimmed by the vista of receding years, we see one star in the great constellation which burns brighter in the empyrean of memory as the years go by. The truth is that year by year the voice of Lee, so far from growing fainter, is heard clearer and clearer from the eternal silence.

I have often thought, and often expressed the thought, that mentally, morally, and physically his was the most symmetrical figure with which history deals. From the very period of his childhood his career was phenomenally unapproachable, for in his case the child was really father to the man. As a child he was free from the customary vices of children, and no matter what his environment, his ears were deaf to the voice of temptation or impurity. Proof against the venal frailties of men, he was like the lily which strikes its root in the slime of the river's bed, but blooms unsullied in its snowy whiteness upon the river's breast. He was never known in a single instance to depart from the truth. His teacher tells us that as a lad he was not only a diligent student, but that he never failed in a single recitation. He entered the United States Military Academy, at West Point, when eighteen, and graduated at twenty-two years of age, standing second in his class of forty-six, and in that academy of strict regulations and rigid discipline, he went through he entire course of four years without having committed one single breach of discipline, without having disobeyed an order, and without having a single demerit mark on record against him. This remarkable record had never before, nor has it since, been achieved, and I do not believe it ever will be again.

Two years after his graduation he married Mary Randolph Custis, the beautiful and accomplished heiress of Arlington—the gifted granddaughter of Martha Washington—a woman by birth, education and family prestige, and the one woman, suited to be the life companion, and share the love and fame of such a man. Fate certainly had been kind to him for it is a difficult matter to say which was the greater woman of the two—his mother or his wife.

From the time of his graduation at West Point until the War with Mexico he was busily engaged in the discharge of his duties in the Corps of Engineers in the United States Army. In 1846 the War with Mexico began. This was his first service in the field and furnished the opportunity for the display of those rare and remarkable gifts of a soldier which were prophetic of the greatness he afterwards achieved, and which made him the foremost military leader of the age. During that war he was three times brevetted for distinguished service and personal gallantrytry in battle, and General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief, frankly said, "My success was largely due to the skill, valor and undaunted courage of Robert E. Lee." For many years after the Mexican War he rendered conspicuous service in the Engineer Corps; as Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, and as a cavalry leader in the West.

It would be idle, even if I had the

time to do so, within the scope of an address like this, to follow the career of this great and incomparable soldier through the four years of the terrible War Between the States, for every well-informed school boy knows the wonderful story of this master strategist; of his brilliant victories against overwhelming odds, and of his final failure, made inevitable by superior numbers, lack of arms and food, and also of the sublime heights to which he arose in the midst of cold and starvation, and environed by appalling perplexities. The end had to come at Appomatox, for flesh and blood could bear no more. To an enveloping host of ten times his numbers, General Lee surrendered less than eight thousand gaunt, starving and ragged men, the remnant of an army, the bravest and most heroic that the world ever saw!

To use the language of General Gordon, in one of his lectures: "Neither the proud phalanxes of Cyrus and Alexander, the Tenth Legion of Cæsar, or the Old Guard of Napoleon can furnish a parallel to the sublime courage, the heroism and self-sacrifice of that unapproachable army." And I might also include the great armies which are now drenching all Europe in blood. They, of course, have excelled it in numbers and in the magnitude of operations, but the personal equation does not enter into that great strife as it did in ours. The conditions and modes of warfare are totally different. Like the modern agriculturalist who harvests his crops by improved machinery, the harvests of death are reaped over there in much the same way, to say nothing of asphyxiating gases, and other brutal and questionable modes of warfare—modes, which it is safe to say, that neither Lee nor Grant could have been capable of.

But to return to Lee. Now that the passion and prejudices engendered by our late struggle have to a great extent passed away, it seems to be conceded, even by our Northern antagonists—indeed by the world—that Lee towered far above all the great leaders of that war. General Scott, his old commander, said, "Lee is the greatest military genius of America, and the very best soldier I ever saw in the field, and if opportunity offers he will show himself the greatest captain of his time." Opportunity did offer and the world knows the prophesy was more than fulfilled. He told Mr. Lincoln that he regarded Lee, in himself, as worth an army of fifty thousand men! Stonewall Jackson regarded him as a phenomenon, and said, "Lee is the only man I would be willing to follow blindfolded." Theodore Roosevelt writes, "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee; and their leader will undoubtedly rank, without exception, as the very greatest of all the great captains the English-speaking race has ever brought forth." But listen to a voice from across the sea: Lord Garnett Wolseley, then commander-in-chief of the armies of Great Britain, wrote these words (he did not speak them, but deliberately wrote them): "I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould, and made of metal different and finer, than that of other men. I believe that all will admit that Lee towers far above all men on either side of that struggle. I believe Lee will be regarded as not only the greatest American of the 19th century whose statue is well worthy to stand upon an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen."

I said I would not follow Lee in his great career during the four years' War Between the States, but permit me to refer to the personality of Lee made historically famous by one of the most dramatic episodes, as well as one of the most sanguinary battles, of the war.

The great Battle of the Wilderness had been fought and won, and Grant, finding it impossible to break the lines

of Lee, in the darkness of the night, leaving his campfires brightly burning in Lee's front, slipped swiftly away, like an Arab in the night, and moved his entire army by a wide flanking march to Spottsylvania Court House. But the marvelous genius of Lee, by that instinct known only to great soldiers, divined his purpose and when the morning broke, to Grant's unspeakable amazement, instead of finding himself, as he fully expected, in Lee's rear, he saw the glittering steel of Lee's grey lines calmly awaiting the attack. For several days fierce and sanguinary fighting occurred along the lines of both armies without decisive result, until the morning of the 12th of May. On that day Lee's line in the center was made to correspond to the peculiar character of a ridge, forming a salient, which curved like a huge horseshoe about a mile long and a half mile in width and known historically as the "Bloody Angle." Under cover of the night and a dense fog, Hancock, who had massed his entire corps for the purpose, at daylight, furiously attacked the appex of this salient and after terrific fighting on both sides, captured the salient and with it Johnson's entire division, and all his artillery. The troops of Hancock poured like a furious torrent through the breach and cut Lee's army in twain. Greatly outnumbered by the enemy, appalling disaster now seemed inevitable. Under the hell fire which swept their ranks the Confederates were driven back in the greatest confusion, and the troops of Hancock, with a triumphant huzzas, heard above the din of battle, rushed forward with an impetus which it seemed nothing could withstand. But suddenly there appeared upon the scene that glorious Southern knight and great soldier, from spur to plume the very star of chivalry, and from that day known as the hero of the 12th of May, John B. Gordon. In defiance of the onrushing troops of Hancock, like a lion in his path, and ever resourceful in great emergencies, Gordon quickly formed his division of Georgians and Virginians squarely across the base of the salient and alone and deserted, but undaunted, with fixed bayonets, this heroic remnant stood, a rampart of steel, "in the swash of the rout like rocks in running water," while "cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them, cannon in front of them volleyed and thundered," and though falling by scores under a hailstorm of minnie balls and projectiles, those men stood there. They were dying, but Manassas, Cold Harbor, Fredericksburg, the Wilderness and Chancellorsville were dying in them, and they scorned to fly! Then suddenly a startling thing occurred! Erect in the saddle, with hat in hand, his grey hair waving in the smoke of battle like the white plume of Navarre, rode Robert E. Lee. He had realized the peril of his army and spurring forward at the head of his reserves, his stern face rigid, he personally gave the order to charge! The blood of that steady line of grey catches fire when they see before them that grey-bearded man, the light of battle shining in his deep luminous eyes, and they go wild with enthusiasm when they hear their great commander himself giving the order to charge. Lee rides onward, waving his old grey hat. At this crisis Gordon, appalled by the danger to his Chief, rushed to his side, resolutely grasped his bridle and cried out, "General Lee, this is no place for you—you must go to the rear—I will lead these men—they are Georgians and Virginians—they have never failed you—they will not fail you now." The soldiers caught the words of Gordon, and with a spontaneity born of their deathless devotion to his person, in thunder tones they shouted, "General Lee to the rear—General Lee to the rear," and they surrounded him and literally bore horse and rider to a place of safety. Then, fired by the inspiration of his majestic and magnetic presence, occurred that historic countercharge, led by Gordon, which swept forward like a cyclone carrying everything before it, and hurling Hancock back—back across the salient and there amid the battle smoke waved again

from that angle the glorious battleflag of Dixie! Lee's army was saved and then, for more than twenty-four hours, all along the line occurred that incessant roll of musketry almost unparalleled in the annals of war. At the end of it there was chronicled another great victory for Lee—another great defeat for Grant.

I refer to this striking episode especially as it has to do with the wonderful personality of Lee, and, so far as I know, it is the only time, except in the case of Napoleon at Lodi, that the commander-in-chief of an army personally undertook to lead a forlorn hope.

This rapid sketch of General Lee, while a mere hurried outline, would be incomplete without specially referring to the great crisis of his life, which illustrates, as nothing else could, the greatness of his soul. It is scarcely possible to appreciate the embarrassment of his peculiar position when the War Between the States was precipitated. He was absolutely devoted to the Union, and had bpent his young manhood and middle age in its service. He was utterly opposed to secession and to fraternal war, but had no power to stem the tide. He prayed with all his soul for the preservation of the Union and the return of peace to the bosom of his distracted country, but finally he was confronted by the dreadful alternative of raising his hand against his home, his own people and his native State, to which he owed his first and last allegiance, on the other. Had he been any less man than himself, the temptation to take the stronger side would have been irresistible, for just before taking his decisive step, Mr. Lincoln offered him the position of commander-in-chief of the United States army. On the one side was a powerful government, an army organized, equipped and ready for the field, a navy trained and already upon the sea, a nation with overwhelming numbers and resources and all the world upon which to draw for men and money. On the other side was an embryo national government with no army—no navy—a young and friendless nation—its ports blockaded, and with nothing to rely upon except the marvelous fortitude, endurance, and superhuman courage of its people.

With the genius of Lee on the Union's side the war would not have lasted two years, and as the great hero of successful war for the preservation of the Union, his succession to the presidency would have been a matter of course. But the thought of fame or fortune found not a moment's lodgment in his head or heart, and this great spirit, without hesitation, turned his back upon the highest military and civil positions on earth, abandoned his splendid home and private fortune and cast his destiny with his own people; accepting not only the perils of war, but all the dangers of Revolutionary leadership. Thus this great man exemplified the truth of his great maixm that "duty is the sublimest word in our language."

There are many of us, perhaps, who at different times have struggled with the great mystery of life and death, and have had doubts and misgivings as to that eternal existence which alone robs the grave of victory and takes from death its sting; but the life and character of Lee have furnished to my mind higher proof of the immortality of the soul than all the lessons taught me; than all the sermons I have ever heard; than all the proofs of holy writ!

It seems to me impossible that such a work of God—so noble in reason—so infinite in faculty and so Christ-like in life—could forever perish—a handful of ashes and nothing more.

Personally General Lee was the handsomest man I ever saw, and often in viewing his noble face and figure, I have thought of the Apostrophe of Hamlet in pointing to the portrait of his father—

"See what a grace is seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man."

If possible Lee was greater in defeat than in victory. By his manly acquiescence in the results of the war—his unqualified submission to authority and his sincere return to the love of the Union—he did more to heal the wounds of the heroic South and stem the tide of resentment in the North, than all other human agencies combined.

In my judgment the most deserved, as well as the most eloquent and incomparable tribute ever paid to Lee, was that of Georgia's great orator, Benjamin H. Hill. He said in part: "He was Cæsar without his selfishness—and Washington without his reward. He was as gentle as a woman in life and modest and pure as a virgin in thought—watchful as a Roman vestal in duty—submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles."

"Ah Muse! You dare not claim
A Nobler man than he—
Nor Nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee."

Inspiration.

John Joseph Scott.

If I could with some simple lines
Improve the thoughts of any wight—
If I could teach some soul which pines
A better way to face the fight—
How fine it is in retrospect
To contemplate the mercies done,
How satisfying to detect
The Heavens smiling through the sun.

If I could move one miser's heart
To know how good it is to give—
If I could even once impart
How glorious it is to live—
How comforting to watch a rose
Nursed by the days with tender care,
In faith and innocence disclose
Its lovliness to all anear.

If I could lift one weary soul
Out of the chaos of despair,
Or teach another to control
His temper, through a simple prayer—
How pure is Summer's gold and green,
And every rainbow's tint of gold,
How good it is when one has seen
God's gifts foretold manifold.

If I could for one spirit, hymn
A sonnet filled with love's content—
If I could strew in shadows dim
The happiness the Master meant,
Well would I have enriched my time
And served the One they crucified,
In all the ways he termed sublime,
For all the things he lived and died!

JEAN CALAS

One of the Protestant Martyrs of France.

(From "Judicial Crimes," by Edgar Sanderson, M. A.)

(*Concluded from last month.*)

THE avenger was at hand. A man named Voltaire, a mere writer of books, plays and poems, was living at Ferney, close to the borders of France and Switzerland. Such was however, his skill with the pen that he ranked as a European potentate. "His incomparable power of covering whatever he hated with ridicule made him an object of dread even to the leaders of armies and the rulers of nations. Of all the intellectual weapons which have ever been wielded by man, the most terrible was the mockery of Voltaire. Bigots and tyrants who had never been moved by the wailing and cursing of millions turned pale at his name. Principles unassailed by reason, principles which had withstood the fiercest attacks of power, the most valuable truths, the most generous sentiments, the noblest and most graceful images, the purest reputations, the most august institutions, began to look mean and loathsome as soon as that withering smile was turned on them." Many were the uses to which that rare talent was turned. "Sometimes it was exercised against rivals worthy of his esteem; often was it employed to crush and torture enemies worthy only of silent disdain; often was it perverted to the more noxious purpose of destroying the last solace of earthly misery and the last restraint of earthly power; often, also, was it used to vindicate justice, humanity, and toleration, the principles of sound philosophy, the principles of free government."

Those who admire literary genius and are also believers in the Christian religion must lament that this great man assailed the most sacred things and beliefs with ignorant levity, bad faith, and impious cynicism. We may, however, urge in his excuse that he was an old pupil of the Jesuits, and that he was not likely to imbibe from them a reverence for holy things. He constantly confused the hateful abuses which he had incessant reason to denounce, to fight to the death, and the religious or moral truths which he involved in the same ridicule. Enormous as is the wrong which he perpetrated, it must ever be proclaimed that his unwearied efforts on behalf of the Calas family, without which the hour of their restoration to honour would never have sounded, afford a noble example of devotion to the cause of humanity, justice, and tolerance. It is by such acts of moral government that the world is made to advance; and in the midst of his literary achievements Voltaire had good reason to say, as he thought of the Calas family and of others whose wrongs he had repaired, "J'ai fait un peu de bien; c'est mon meilleur ouvrage." He was the literary monarch of his time, and often used his sway, as we have seen, for evil ends. But when he made use of his vast powers to spread great and immortal principles, which came to him, without his knowing it, from the Gospel which he assailed: when, not content with having proclaimed these principles, he practiced them himself and forced them into beneficient action around him and in the highest seats of authority, deep gratitude is his due,—a

recognition of service to mankind, the withholding of which is a proof of iniquitous and thankless narrowness of mind.

Voltaire was the leader of a class of sectaries, of scoffers at Christianity as it was propounded and practiced by the Catholic Church in France. "The real secret of his strength and of that of his compeers lay in the truth which was mingled with their errors and in the generous enthusiasm which was hidden under their flippancy. They were men who, with all their faults, moral and intellectual, sincerely and earnestly desired the improvement of the condition of the human race; whose blood boiled at the sight of cruelty and injustice, who made manful war with every faculty which they possessed on what they considered as abuses, and who on many signal occasions placed themselves gallantly between the powerful and the oppressed. While they assailed Christianity with a rancour and an unfairness disgraceful to men who called themselves philosophers, they yet had, in far greater measure than their opponents, the Jesuits and the bigots of their age, that charity towards men of all classes and races which Christianity enjoins. Religious persecution, judicial torture, arbitrary imprisonment, the unnecessary multiplication of capital punishments, the delays and chicanery of tribunals, the exactions of 'farmers' of the revenue, slavery, the slave trade, were the constant subjects of their lively satire and eloquent disquisitions. When an innocent man was broken on the wheel at Toulouse; when a youth, guilty only of an indiscretion, was beheaded at Abbeville; when a brave officer, borne down by public injustice, was dragged, with a gag in his mouth, to die on the Place de Greve, a voice instantly went forth from the banks of Lake Leman which made itself heard from Moscow to Cadiz, and which sentenced the unjust judges to the contempt and destation of all Europe. The really efficient weapons with which the philosophers assailed the evangelical faith were borrowed from the evangelical morality. The ethical and dogmatical parts of the Gospel were unhappily turned against each other. On one side was a Church boasting of the purity of a doctrine derived from the apostles, but disgraced by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the murder of the best of kings, by the war of Cevennes, by the destruction of Port Royal. On the other side was a sect laughing at the Scriptures, shooting out the tongue at the sacraments, but ready to encounter principalities and powers in the cause of justice, mercy, and toleration." Such, in the eloquent words of Macaulay, was the body of which Voltaire was the redoubtable leader. We are now to see how he waged a noble warfare on behalf of the victims of injustice at Toulouse.

Voltaire's first information on the monstrous treatment of the Calas family, their friend, and their servant, came from a merchant of Marseilles before the end of March, 1762. His name was Dominique Audibert, and, being on his way from Toulouse to Geneva, he went to see the philosopher of Ferney and gave him an account of the trial and execution, assuring him that the accused were innocent. Voltaire, seized with horror, at once and with all his energy took the matter in hand. Religious fanaticism, crimes committed in the name of religion, were peculiarly hateful to this great man, who never ceased to believe in God, and now placed himself at the service of His outraged creatures. He saw clearly that bigotry had been at evil work, whether Jean Calas were innocent or guilty, and he wrote to his friends de'Alembert and d'Argental with a strong expression of his views. In all directions he applied for information, being resolved to get to the bottom of the matter as a first step towards redress for the surviving victims of injustice. He learned that Donat Calas, a son of Jean, a youth of fifteen years, was apprenticed at Geneva, whither he had fled from Nimes, as soon as he knew of the family

troubles. Voltaire repaired from Ferney to his house *Les Delices*, in order to question and sound the lad at his ease. In the interests of humanity the innocent child was subjected, in lengthy conversations, to the keen analysis of the most witty and crafty old man of the age, gifted with an intellect of penetrating power. The lad's whole soul lay bare in the end, and the champion of justice was convinced that he came of a family marked, as we have shown, by integrity and honor, by gentleness of character, and by kindly tolerance for people of a diverse religious faith from their own. His mind was made up, and he applied all his wonderful powers to the case, constituting himself a tribunal of appeal from the Parliament of Toulouse. He secretly formed at Geneva a kind of consulting committee composed of a merchant intimate with the Calas family, a Protestant minister, a barrister, and a banker, with whom was sometimes associated a learned lawyer named Trochin. He put himself in communication with Madame Calas, who was in strict and sad retirement after being deprived of her daughters, and received from her an account of the end of Marc-Antoine, couched in such terms as fully convinced him of the innocence of all the accused.

From every possible source Voltaire ferreted out further information, being specially aided by the Geneva barrister mentioned above, whose name was De Vegobre, a man as rich in legal learning as he was disinterested and devoted in serving the cause of righteousness and truth. The Genevan Protestant minister on the consulting committee, Paul Moultou, the only man perhaps, who remained all his life on most friendly terms with both Voltaire and Rousseau, was of great service in the enterprise.

The task undertaken was indeed formidable. It was needful, for victory, to rouse the public opinion of France and even of Europe against the decisions of the Parliament of Toulouse, and to bring that body to their revocation by their own good will or by compulsion. It was necessary, for such measure of justice as could be done to a dead man, to annul his death-sentence, to restore his good name, and to make all possible reparation to his widow and children. Voltaire appealed to Cardinal de Bernis and to the clever and debauched Marechal le Duc de Richelieu. The Comte de Saint-Florentin, a high personage officially concerned against Madame Calas' daughters, whose order of arrest he had signed, was addressed on the whole matter, at the instance of Voltaire, by the Duchesse d'Anville, the Duc de Richelieu, and the Duc de Villars. Official people in high position were assailed from various quarters, and induced by the indefatigable leader in the Calas' cause, or by friends spurred to action by his zeal, to interest themselves in *L'Affaire Calas*. The Duc de Choiseul, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was enlisted on the right side, and Madame de Pompadour promised to speak to the King, Louis the Fifteenth.

Madame Calas, living with Jeanne Viguier near Montauban, overwhelmed with grief, deprived of her daughters, separated from all her sons, was at first hopeless of redress. Fear for her daughters and for her son Pierre at first paralysed her soul. From this condition, natural enough for a widow in terror for her offspring, Madam Calas was aroused at last by the incessant and energetic efforts of Voltaire, though he himself at times trembled for the issue. His powerful appeals to her duty, at all risks, to the memory of her dead husband, and to the honour of her children, had their effect. She started for Paris, and arrived there alone in the first days of June, 1762. She was alone, because she was now too poor to have a servant, and the devoted Jeanne was too poor to follow her beloved mistress to the capital. For three years the wretched widow led in Paris the life of one soliciting help in high quarters, exposing her wrongs and beseeching redress. Throughout, Voltaire was a protector full of delicate regard,

unwearied in assistance and support. Her arrival in Paris was at once announced by him to the Comte d'Argental, and in all her movements she was prompted and guided, by the man who had entered the lists on her behalf, with incomparable vigour, clearness of view, and richness of resource. D'Alembert, who was on the spot, gave active aid, and Maitre Mariette, barrister to the Royal Council, was secured. The Council alone could hear an appeal from a "sovereign court" such as the Parliament of Toulouse, and proceedings were taken up at the sole charge of Voltaire. At the first step a check occurred. Maitre Mariette, as a condition of acting, was obliged to have a copy of the "trial" at Toulouse. The Parliament, in seeming shame for its decision, forbade all communication of the proceedings, even of the final decision. Young Lavaysse had also arrived in Paris, under a false name; while his wretched father, cowering before the Toulouse Parliament, lived in daily dread of his son's "breaking out" against that body.

With all his efforts, his eloquent letters, his clever "moves," Voltaire could not succeed at all points. He utterly failed to induce the Comte de Saint-Florentin to accord an interview to Madame Calas. Even the astute philosopher was deceived by the cunning of that tyrannical personage. Afraid to openly provoke a man so formidable as Voltaire, he dissembled with him, and letters published since that period prove Saint-Florentin to have remained to the last an active and zealous protector of the enemies of Jean Calas and his widow. The Duc de Villars also failed to be convinced that "thirteen judges could unanimously condemn an innocent man to the worst of punishments." Voltaire, at Geneva, had been both enlightened on the whole matter and incited to new exertion by the arrival of Pierre Calas. He went to the Swiss city after his escape from the monastery on July 4, and was quickly in communication with his mother's partisan. Sounded, as his young brother had been, in conversations, closely questioned, even spied on with a benevolent purpose by the agents of Voltaire, Pierre Calas stood the test of four months' close observation, and fully convinced the protector of the family of his innocence and truthfulness.

The case of the Calas family was then put before the world in various documents from Voltaire's pen—*Pieces Originals Concernant*, etc.; a *Memoire*, under the name of Donat Calas; a *Declaration* from Pierre. The indefatigable man next published a work entitled *L'Historie d'Elizabeth et de Jean Calas.* Therein he dealt with a noted imposter named Canning, who had made her appearance in England during his stay in that country, and had by false charges on oath nearly caused a grievous miscarriage of justice. He compared that case with *L'Affaire Calas*, which he again narrated with ever new resources of style, wit, and sound sense. The Duchesse d'Anville, who was, with her children, living at his house *Les Delices*, aided Madame Calas and her children with her purse, and obtained many subscriptions for them from distinguished English and French visitors to Geneva.

By slow degrees Voltaire enrolled in the Calas' cause the Duchesse de la Roche-Guyon, the Duc d'Harcourt, and many others, who made a stir about the matter at Versailles. The enemies of the Calas family were active on the other side, using calumny against Voltaire, but with little success.

At last appeared a *memoire* on the case drawn up by the able Elie de Beaumont, and signed by fifteen other barristers. With this document in her hand, Madam Calas was instructed by Voltaire to present herself to great personages in Paris, men in high legal posts, including Heron, chief clerk of the Royal Council. Much valuable interest was thus obtained. Other *memoires* in behalf of the good cause also appeared, and public sympathy was strongly aroused. Maitre Mariette presented a "request" to the Royal Council

for a new hearing of the case. Three of the ministers, including the Ducs de Praslin and de Choiseul, had been secured, and at last, on March 1, 1763, the first light of dawn appeared for the victims of intolerance and injustice. The *Bureau des Cassations* of the Royal Council decided that the "request" of the Calas family was "admissible."

Three days before the first anniversary of the death of Jean Calas—that is, on Monday, March 7, 1763—the High Council pronounced on the "request" of Maitre Mariette. M. de Choiseul had been chiefly concerned in causing that numerous and dignified body to judge the question of "revision."

By this time the cause of the Calas family had assumed a high degree of importance in public opinion. In all quarters interest was felt in their misfortunes; it was seen that a great reparation was due. It was an extreme and very rare exercise of royal authority to annul the decision of a "sovereign court," and such a proceeding, from regard to the very body whose sentence was to be reversed, had to be conducted as quietly as possible. All the high officials and ministers of State formed part of the assembly, and the Chancellor of France presided. The councillors of State, members of the Bar, the Army, and the Church, were present, and among the last several abbes and three bishops. The decision was unanimously given by the eighty-four members of the Council who were present, in accordance with the conclusions reached in the report of M. Thiroux de Crosne, the *Maitre des Requetes*. During the sitting the famous Galerie des Glaces, or Hall of Mirrors, at Versailles Palace, was filled with a crowd eagerly awaiting the decision. Madame Calas, in attendance on the ministers, was most courteously received, and addressed by the Chancellor in sympathetic words. On the previous day in the gallery, where she saw the King pass, she was accosted by many personages of rank.

The widow and her daughters, on the great day, appeared before the Council, and then withdrew during the sitting. The eldest daughter at this time became unwell, and remained in a half-fainting condition until the decision of the Council was reached. She was thus found by the members as they quitted their hall. Many came to announce the success of the enterprise undertaken for her mother and the family. Attentions of every kind were lavished upon her, and many indications of sympathy for the sufferings of the family and of indignation at the injustice perpetrated were shown. Madame Calas, who had been, as a matter of form, "imprisoned" until the decision of the Council was known, was then fetched from the comfortable room in w[illegible] seated by the fire. Her "gaoler" declined payment for the refreshments which he had supplied, expressing his sympathy and respect. Times were changed since the dark days at Toulouse. Before quitting Versailles, the Queen caused Madame Calas and her daughters to be presented to her, and received them with gracious words of sympathy and esteem.

The bigots at Toulouse were wild with rage, but received some slight consolation from the Archbishop. That prelate accorded to each member of the Parliament the high privilege of having mass celebrated on Sundays in his own house. The joy, the triumph, of Voltaire may well be imagined. In a letter to his friend Damilaville he cries: "My brother, there is then some justice on earth; there is some humanity! Men are not all scoundrels, as some say." Taking little credit to himself, the great foe of bigots and fanatics lavished praise on the friends who had aided him, and wrote to Madam Calas, pointing out that her husband and family were already "entirely justified in the eyes of the King, of the Council, and of all Europe."

The self-control of Voltaire at this time arouses an admiration not less keen than that excited by his great and benevolent exertions. The cause was not yet entirely won. The Toulouse

Parliament might, and did, delay furnishing copies of its proceedings. The successful advocate of justice had ready for publication his famous *Traite sur la Tolerance a l'Occasion de la Mort de Jean Calas.* The appearance of this might be injurious to the widow and children, and he suppressed it for the time, sending copies only to two or three of the ministers on whom he could reckon, to some councillors of State, to Madame de Pompadour, to Frederick the Second of Prussia, and a few friends on whose prudence he could rely.

We must hasten to the end of this strange, eventful history. After many delays due to the Toulouse Parliament, the King's Privy Council pronounced a decree annulling their decision. This victory was won on June 4, 1764. Voltaire was receiving from Toulouse anonymous letters couched in the most violent terms, and the Parliament there was reproached for not having caused all the five accused persons to be broken on the wheel. In a letter written at this time the vindicator expresses the opinion that the Toulousians, if they had hold of him, would make him "pay for the Calas," and congratulates himself on his sharpness in settling on the frontier of France, out of their reach. New calumnies were hurled at the persecuted family; new *memoires* on their behalf appeared. At last, in February, 1765, the first and the most savage of the persecutors was punished. David de Beaudrigue the capitoul was removed from his office.

The first effect of the judgment of the Council at Versailles was the retrial, in a formal way, of the accused persons. Madame Calas, Pierre, Lavaysse, and Jeanne Viguier were shut up in the Conciergie prison in Paris, receiving there visits from many persons of the highest distinction. Forty *maitres des requetes* acted as judges. At six sittings, each of four hours, except the last, which occupied nearly nine hours, the matter was examined in every detail. On March 9, 1765, three years to a day after the condemnation of Jean Calas, the unanimous decision was given. The judgment was at once put to press at the royal printing-house and published in various forms. It "rehabilitated," or restored the honour, the accused persons and the memory of Jean Calas, ordered their names to be erased from the criminal registers and prison lists, and the present decision to be written therein on the margin. It left them free, as well as all the children of Calas, to claim damages from the persons so concerned, and gave orders for the accused persons "recognised innocent" to be set at liberty. At last the Calas family, their friend, and their servant had obtained justice; and reparation, tardy indeed, but as complete and as striking as man can render it, when life, the gift of God alone, has been taken, was made to the victims of injustice as stupid, as shameful, and as cruel as history has ever recorded.

His noble work achieved, Voltaire gave way to transports of delight. When the great news arrived, he hurried with his letters to the young Donat Calas, embraced him with joy, and read over the letters received. He wrote exultingly to Tronchin that "this great example of justice will pare for a long time the frightful claws of fanatics, and will put to slience their infernal voice." To Madame Calas he wrote that "Geneva, like Paris, was applauding her latest judges: that Europe, melted to tears, was blessing the justice at last rendered to the widow." The joy of the Protestants was deep, boundless, pure.

In the midst of congratulations, Voltaire was eager to finish his work on the material, apart from the moral and sentimental side. Madame Calas was a ruined woman. The considerable sums subscribed for her in France, Switzerland, and England, including contributions from sovereign princes, had barely sufficed for the enormous expenses of successive trials, the journeys of all the members of the family

and the living of the widow and her daughters. He had looked for a royal gift, and this came through the intercession of the judges, addressed to the Crown through the Vice-Chancellor de Maupeou. The King, Louis the Fifteenth, awarded to Madame Calas the sum of twelve thousand francs, six thousand francs to each of the daughters, three thousand to the sons, three thousand to the servant, and six thousand for the expenses of travelling and procedure.

The pecuniary position of the Calas family was, however, still deplorable. Their property at Toulouse had been plundered by, or with the connivance of, the guards before and after the condemnation of the father. The creditors of Jean Calas claimed their rights in the property legally confiscated. Madame Calas, with her new resources, paid off all demands and all debts to friends incurred, during the five months of imprisonment at Toulouse, on behalf of the daughters. She continued to live with her daughters in Paris, far away from the scene of her terrible sufferings. In the absence of her sons, she was cheered by the affectionate attention of her young friend Lavaysse, who had obtained employment in a house of business.

In 1770 Pierre and Donat Calas were admitted burgesses of Geneva, without expense, on the recommendation of the Duc de Choiseul. In the same year Madame Calas, for the first time, saw her benefactors, journeying with Lavaysse to Ferney, eager to see her sons, from one of whom (Donat) she had been parted for nine years. Her meeting with Voltaire was one of joy and deep feeling on both sides. She saw him once more at Paris in 1778, when he went thither to die in the midst of a triumph more exciting, but less real, less noble, than that won by him in *L'Affaire Calas*. In the streets he was hailed, amidst other rapturous cries, by the words, "Vive le defenseur de Calas!" and it was then, as he caught these words, that he turned towards the people and cried, "You wish, then, to smother me under roses!" A few days later, on May 30, 1778, he died, aged eighty-four. The widow Calas survived until April, 1792. Donat Calas, the youngest son, had died at Geneva in 1776, and Pierre in 1790.

We need not follow further the fortunes of the family. Jean Calas, made immortal by his sufferings, his innocence, his heroism, and his vindication, assailed again in modern days by cowardly calumniators of the olden type of Catholics at Toulouse, has been, we trust, raised far beyond the reach of further attacks, in the pages which have here placed on an eminence of infamy David de Beaudrigue the capitoul, his colleagues, and the Parliament of Toulouse.

Address by Hon. Thos. E. Watson

In the Court House in the City of Thomson, Ga.,

10:00 A. M., FEBRUARY 12, 1916

(Edward Crusselle, Atlanta, Ga., Reporter.)

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with a heavy heart that I come among you this morning. As you all know, my brother lies seriously sick. Natural affection for him, and sympathy for his devoted family weigh upon me; if it were not for a sense of duty to you, to our Democratic principles, to our Republican institutions, and the liberties that our forefathers won with their precious life-blood, I would have excused myself from being here today.

This, to an extent even you yourselves may not realize, is historic ground. With the exception of the sea-coast and of the City of Augusta, this is the original settlement of the Colony of Georgia. Old Wrightsboro is the oldest inland Town of this State. The Colony of Quakers that moved in here, and bought 45,000 acres of land, and established the Town of Wrightsboro, owned the very soil upon which this Courthouse stands; and this Courthouse stands upon the soil where for a hundred years stood one of the best schools in Georgia. Let me read you some of the names of the original settlers of this part of the State. Listen and see if you do not recognize them, and if you cannot trace their descendants today, living on the same land, bearing the same names:

John Oliver, J. P.; John Jones; Thomas Watson; David Baldwin; Samuel Hart; Jesse Morgan; Oliver Matthews; Edward Green; Joel Phillips; Matthew Hobbs; Thomas Ansley; Abraham Rogers; Jacob Watson; Lewis Powell; Jacob Collins; Robert Harper; Nicholas White; John Moore; Joshua Samuels; Robert Jenkins; Hilary Grey; Zachariah Phillips; Edward Hill; John Hill; Joshua Hill; John Davis; Isaac Green; Samuel Sinquefield; Joel Cloud; John Stuart; Henry Walker; Peter Perkins; Uriah Odom; Edward Hogan; Joseph Kallenworth; William Mitchell; John Evans; Peter Williams; William Walden; John Thomson; Ambrose Holliday; Abraham Johnston; Robert Walton; Charles Dunn; Peter Weathers; Watkins Richards; Gabriel Davis; John Davis; and so on—names that are borne yet by people in this audience, direct descendants of those Revolutionary sires. The leader of that Colony was named Maddox; and his name flows down with the nearby Creek, that runs to the river, as the river runs to the sea.

How many people know that from old McDuffie County, as it now is called, but from old Columbia County, as it then stood, and

from old Wrightsboro, *Revolutionary soldiers went to fight the battle of Kettle's Creek*, up in Wilkes County; and some of your ancestors, as well as mine, consecrated that soil with their life blood; and how old Lincoln and old Columbia and old Wilkes and old Elbert, offered our men, who volunteered, rode their own horses, furnished their own rations, furnished their own guns, furnished their own ammunition, a voluntary expedition, that went under the command of Elijah Clark, *to win the glorious fight at King's Mountain, and turned the tide at the darkest hour of the Revolutionary War?* (Applause).

(Cries of Hurrah for Watson).

In the books of history, that have been taught in your schools, in song, and in story, in poetry and in painting, they have handed down to fame Paul Revere's ride, and Sheridan's ride, but Colonel Edward Lacey, of South Carolina—Glorious old South Carolina!—Colonel Edward Lacey rode sixty miles, in a head-long dash over the mountains, and at night, to put General Elijah Clark's troops on the right road. They were about to be misled and take the wrong road. He made that famous ride and put them on the right road, a decisive event, *a ride, without which history would have been written differently*, vastly more important than Paul Revere's ride, vastly more important than Sheridan's ride; *but because he was a Southern man, his name is not mentioned in history, at all.*

From the foundation of this Government to this very moment, the South has never had justice in history or in legislation. (Applause). The very first law that the Federal Congress ever passed, was in favor of the manufacturers of New England; and for one hundred years those infamous laws have become more and more outrageously unjust to the South. For over one hundred years the South has knocked at the door for fair treatment, in history and in administration. She has never got it, and now the proposition is, that this Government of one hundred millions of men, with criminals on every hand going unwhipped of justice, this great Government, *will pick out one Southern man and use the powers of the Government to grind him to powder.* (Applause).

A few days ago there was held at Cordele a meeting of farmers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, preachers—no politics in it; no classism in it; no sectionalism in it; a broad, open citizens' meeting; and the platform adopted there unanimously by rising vote, was, according to the Cordele Rambler, and its intelligent editor, *the most vital declaration of principles, that has been given to the country since July* 4, 1776. (Applause).

Oh, my countrymen, let me implore you to study that platform; work for it; and vote for it. What is it? Let me first suggest one point that was left out, by inadvertence—*direct legislation; DIRECT LEGISLATION!!* We believe in the principles of democracy. Both the old parties say they do. We believe in Republican institutions; both the great political parties say they do. There could not be a more important part of those principles, and of that democracy, than for the people, as rulers of themselves, to capture and to hold complete control of legislation.

Laws are sprung on you, that take your property away from you, *and you are never consulted.* Laws, that you like, are repealed,

and you are never consulted. You elect men to office. They forget the platforms upon which they were elected, and you cannot discharge them. What could you do, Mr. Farmer, if your hired man was secured the job for the whole year, in spite of neglect and treachery to your interests? What would become of your farm if you couldn't discharge an employee for non performance of duty? Mr. Merchant, what do you think would go with your business, if your clerks held office for two years under you, and you couldn't dismiss them for failure to do their duty by the employer? The banker, the newspaper man, every person, who employs another, either as hired man or as agent, must keep the power to dismiss that agent for non-performance of duty, or for breach of trust, and without that principle in it, no business would be safe for twenty-four hours. You all realize that; you all subscribe to that. You would not give up your privilege to dismiss a clerk, or a hired man on your farm, or an insurance company's agent, or a commercial traveler, who was not living up to his contract, or the bank cashier, who was derelict. You would not give up your right to discharge those people; but you surrender your right to discharge a public employee, who can hurt you immensely more than any clerk could do. Demand and keep the right to initiate laws, that you want, when a certain number of voters sign a petition to that effect. Demand and get and keep, the right to have every new law referred to you for approval or rejection, after the legislature has passed it. Keep within your hands the power of recalling the public official, taking him out of the office that you put him in, and by the same methods by your votes. You voted him in to do certain things, and if he does not do them, *vote him out.* (Applause).

Taxation, Mr. Chairman, in its last analysis, is that part of your property and mine, *which the State confiscates for the public good*, a dangerous power always, liable to abuse, always. The abuse of it has caused more bloody revolutions than almost any other issue. How are the taxes to be levied? They should be gathered in proportion to what each citizen has, in the way of accumulated property, or of net income. Any system, that puts this tax on the necessaries of life, naturally strikes the poor man, from his head to his heels, from his hat to his shoes, the plowshare, the axe, the plantation implements of all sorts, the furniture in his house, and nearly every article of his clothing. As the taxes are now laid, the poor people pay them. Do the great railroads pay any taxes? Not a penny. Why not? Because the Federal Courts, including the Supreme Court of the United States, have decided that the railroads can charge their taxes to *operating expenses*, and they must have 8 per cent. clear, over and above. The great express companies pay no taxes, no Federal Taxes. The great manufacturing companies pay none, but get rich off of yours. The National banks pay none, and the millionaires pay about one-tenth of what you pay. A system of taxes, which creates a millionaire class, which has more money than the bank vaults can hold, more money than they know how to spend, and at the same time leave the unnumbered millions anxious today, on account of the bread and meat for their wives and children tomorrow, *is born in favoritism, is born in special privilege, and is a violation of the very first principles of Jeffersonian Democracy.*

I saw in the Savannah News, a very conservative paper, I saw day before yesterday, Mr. Chairman, a picture of a magnificent roller chair, the most expensive kind of wickerwork. It was covered over with the most luxurious of Persian rugs; and, as I saw it, and thought of the little chair, the plain little chair, that Alexander H. Stephens had to use, and that poor Guyt McLendon, now has to use, I thought to my self "what a glorious thing, if every man who has the misfortune of not being able to walk, could have a luxurious chair like that;" Behind the chair was an elegantly dressed negro man, with his hands on it, ready to push it, carry it along the beach at Palm Beach, where the picture was taken. What was in the chair? Was it a sick child? Was it a sick woman? Was it a sick man? *No; it was a miserable little dog.* (Applause). I thought to myself that any system of government and legislation and taxation, that gives a better roller chair, and a better attendant, to a miserable bench-legged bull dog, than it gives to Alexander H. Stephens and Guyt McLendon, *is bound to be wrong!*

Friends, who is to blame, who is to blame, for conditions, and that conditions are wrong, so far as they grow out of the laws? *You and I; you and I! We have not voted right.* We have not studied the principles; we have not voted according to the principles. We voted for some man, because we liked *the man.* We voted against some men, because *we didn't like the men.* Hereafter, in the name of home and fireside, let us all resolve that we will vote *for measures*, and not men, and that when the man we elect on those measures, fails to come up, we will bounce him off the job, and keep on putting on new men until we get one, that will stand by the measures.

The Farmers Union meeting at Cordele, Mr. Chairman, spoke a strong word in favor of education. What subject would call for stronger words? What subject could stir a man's heart more deeply than the education of his child, of his grand-child, and of his descendants all down the line? What a thing it must be not to know the secrets of twenty-four letters, *twenty-four golden keys, that unlock the treasures of history, and of literature, for six thousand years!* With those keys in our hands, we walk into the treasure-house of literature, history, politics, philosophy, legislation, government. *With those twenty-four keys, we are master of an empire, whose riches are greater than those of Alexander the Great.* Mountain high, it is always there, mountain strong and mountain enduring. Those glories start from the very cabin to the man who has those twenty-four keys, and they go on up to the very highest, to the most refined, the most cultured, the glory of glories, upon the summits of humanity, where the light of genius plays and reflects like the night when the stars are bright. Ah me; ah me; When I was practising law for twenty-five years, it used to sadden me every time I would hand a deed or a note or a contract or a mortgage to some client, and say "Here's the place where you sign", and he would say, "Mr. Watson, I'll hold the pen; *I can't write; I didn't have any larnin', when I was a boy. I didn't get any chance to go to school*"; and I have seen strong men break down and cry, when they realized how much they had been handicapped all their lives. They never knew what they were signing; they couldn't read; they never knew whether the account they had to pay had been

correctly kept, they had been more or less helpless, *always at a disadvantage*—and you tell me that you would need any law, *forcing a poor man to send his child to school? I DENY IT; I DENY IT.* I say this: *Clear the track! clear the track! between the poor man's house, and the school house, and his children will go to that school house.* (Applause.)

I don't need any law compelling me to give my son as good as I had. You don't need any law compelling you to give your son or your daughter as good as you had. No sir! Take away the school book trust, with its prohibitive prices; and take away these incidental fees that act as a bar to the poor man; take away the tuition, that is taxed on the free school term, and *give the children what the Constitution of* 1877 *said they should have.* Give them their schooling in elementary branches of an English education. *That law has never been enforced by the legislature,* and it is to your and my reproach that it has not been, if we have not done everything in our power to compel its enforcement. *The children of Georgia have not had what the lawmakers of* 1877 *meant they should have,* and I am afraid, from all I hear of the public school system, *that they are further away from it now than they were ten to fifteen years ago.*

Why, you tell me that the Government has its responsibilities and its duties. Yes, it wants to keep the ticks off of my cows; (Applause). It hires a lot of silk-hat doctors, buys magnificent automobiles, and sends them around, to doctor my hog. It is so anxious about a few poor old unfortunates, who are addicted to the drug habit, that it says that no man shall have any more drugs of a certain sort. That's the Federal Government, doing all that, taking care of the unfortunate drug fiends. It does not take any account of Coca-Cola fiends, I notice!!

Here are the platforms of those two virtuous political organizations, known as the Republican and Democratic parties. What they say in here in their various platforms in favor of the Government, looking after public schools, the corner stone of the republic, is as strong as anybody could write: but after the year 1900, *they quit putting it in the platform.* You won't find it in there, *because Archbishop Ireland of the Roman Catholic Church told the leaders of the two parties that the continuance of that plank in their platform would be "an insult to the Roman Catholic Church."* and the cowardly politicians surrendered *the rights of your children,* at the dictation of the priests.

So many people, so many people, have fallen out with me, talked against me, preached against me (prayed against me? I don't know) because of the position I took that, while it is our duty to preach the gospel to the heathen, who never heard it, *it was not our duty to send dentists to foreign lands, to treat their teeth and fill them up with gold; it was not our duty to furnish them doctors; was not our duty to furnish them nurses: and it was not our duty to furnish them hospitals, colleges and schools.*

(Go it, Colonel Tom).

If I'm anything at all, *I am a missionary man;* that is to say, if a good idea gets into my head, I couldn't keep it off of my tongue, to save my life.

(At this point the speaker was urged to go out doors to address

the ever increasing crowd, one man saying that there was more than a thousand people outside, who could not get entrance, much less seats in the court-house).

I am speaking today, not so much to the men, and to the good ladies, who are *here*, (much as I appreciate their presence,) as I am speaking, *through the means of these reporters*, to millions of people, who will tomorrow and next week and next month be reading, I hope, what is said here today. (Applause).

Here is the latest report published in the organ of the Baptists of Georgia. Here is the report on State missions. How many states are in the Southern Baptist Convention? About eleven, ain't there? Somewhere in that neighborhood. How much money do you suppose was given that week inside those eleven states for State missions? $573. How much for Home missions? $240. How much for Foreign missions? $2,844. For what? To sustain the colleges, to sustain the schools, to sustain homes for the orphan and the widow, to maintain hospitals, to pay doctors and nurses, to pay people to teach foreign youth how to farm and to do blacksmith work. What I claim is this: *Until the cup of charity is full here at home, and is running over, we have got no right to neglect our own flesh and blood, and educate children in China, and Japan and Hindoostan*! (Applause).

Next to my own child, the next to hold me to responsibility, *is your child*, your child. That's my household; that's my neighbor; my neighbor's child is a part of my national household, and the Good Book tells us that the man, who fails to provide for his own household, is worse than an infidel. Here's the college, to which I went a little while—Mercer University—running behind from $17,000. to $25,000. a year. How much longer can it stand a strain like that? Not many years. Bessie Tift College is mortgaged to the late Col. James M. Smith for $45,000. He is dead now, and, when the lawyers and the heirs get through scrapping about who is entitled to his little wad, they will call in that mortgage—*what will become of Bessie Tift College?* Brother Brown, I was in your neighborhood not long ago, just a few years, and I spoke at the Perry-Rainey College, another Baptist College, and the boys were all there, bright, promising boys, and old man Rainey himself was there. *Where is that college today?* Closed out and gone, bought out by another denomination. Here's the latest—it now takes $2,844. a week *to sustain Mercer University in China, to sustain Bessie Tift Colleges in Japan, to sustain schools and academies in India, thousands of miles across the ocean. THINK OF IT!!*

Here is the latest report from our Methodist brethren. It is tabulated and sent out by the Board. "Educational"—the Board maintains 48 colleges, seminaries, and training schools, with 342 teachers, and 7,952 pupils; 136 day schools with 254 teachers and 4,489 pupils, a total of 184 schools, with 596 teachers and 12,441 students, *paid by your money, money collected here in Thomson, collected at Wrightsboro, collected at Dearing, collected in Mt. Auburn, and sent out of McDuffie County, and Warren County, and Wilkes County, Taliaferro County, just as if there was not a single boy or girl in all the regions around, that knocked at the school house door, and no man opened unto her or him.*

The saddest sight on this earth, is a child in the fields, or in the

streets, looking at the school children going to school, and grieving over the fact that he or she cannot go. It is one of the saddest sights on earth; and, when I tell you that over one million boys and girls are being educated at your expense in China, Japan, and India, you begin to see why it was that I said to our friends, and have been saying for years: "God Almighty never intended that one nation should do the charity work of another, never intended that one nation should do the educational work of another."

Upon every man is placed his own responsibility; upon every nation is placed its own responsibility. I cannot rid myself of my responsibility, and lay it on you. You cannot rid yourself of yours and lay it on me. Our State and Government cannot any more do that, than you and I can, because, after all, the State is made up of you and me, and the nation is made up of you and me, and it's a nation's business first to take care of its own children, and educate them. What do we find? Here is the Roman Catholic Church and the corporations violating the Constitution of the United States, *by introducing the Gary system, whereby the children are compelled to take religious instruction during the school day, and the Roman Catholic Church has put its entering wedge right there, and it is coming in at that side door, and capturing the children.* They are led off to the Roman Catholic Churches in New York, in Chicago, and other great Northern and Northwestern cities; and, where the children won't go, they are punished for it, and they are being driven into it, and our people seem to be so indifferent to that growing national evil.

Secondly then, the Cordele Platform requests, demands, that the legislature investigate to discover whether or not your public school moneys are being turned over to any church. Emory College is not getting a cent from the State; Mercer University is not. Bessie Tift is not. No church is getting it, except what? *The Roman Catholic Church.* They are getting your school funds in Augusta; they are getting them in Savannah; they are trampling upon your Constitution, *and using your money to build up the power of the foreign potentate, who controls every Catholic, that is in good standing with his church.* So I say to you, my fellow citizens, it is time that the farmers should wake up. It is time that the merchants should wake up; it is time that the professional men should wake up; that the editors should wake up; that the churches should wake up. In the name of God, what right has the church to neglect the children, those that play about the church doors, *and within the sound of the church bell,* and send education thousands of miles to yellow and brown and black children? (Applause).

At vast expense, the Government is trying "*Conservation,*" the saving of timber, of minerals, of power-sites and of national parks. At your expense, the Government seeks to protect the migratory bird, the crane, the heron, the ibis, and the wild goose.

What is the Government doing to conserve the seed-corn of the Republic—the children?

It is a violation of the Constitution for the Government to legislate in favor of cows and hogs and birds; and it would be perhaps unconstitutional for the Government to establish a system of Public Schools; but if the highest law is broken in behalf of anybody or

anything, let it be for the children, rather than for the geese, the hogs, and the cows.

You have read of the "Garden of the Gods," a wonderfully beautiful natural park which the Government is maintaining in the Great West. The Garden of the Gods! lifeless, useless, incapable of adding a single page to the glory of our country.

Why is it, why is it, that lawmakers will not realize that the mind of every bright boy and girl is a Garden of the Gods, full of infinite possibilities, capable of marvellous achievement.

Destroy the forests; and nature will touch the earth again with her enchanted spear, and the next generation will see the trees once more.

Let the pirates seize all your minerals and power sites; and the law can come to the rescue, apply the principle of Eminent Domain, and take away from private ownership that which was improvidently granted.

But the children! the children! if they be neglected, if the Gardens of God are left to the weeds and the brambles, the tares and thistles—what power can restore the virgin soil which was meant for flowers and fruits?

When I see our churches taking the money of the people and sending it across the seas to educate one million, two hundred thousand children in foreign lands, my very soul droops with despair.

What right have we to neglect the Gardens that God has made us responsible for, here at home?

Every untaught boy and girl, every unlettered man and woman is a disgraceful *reproach* to us, if we have not done all that was in our power to have the schools *open and free*, as the Law demanded, *thirty-nine years ago.*

At Cordele, the citizens' meeting took strong ground on immigration. We have what is called the protective tariff system, to safeguard the manufacturers against the competition of foreign capital. Yet the same government, that passed up the laws, and keeps out the competition of foreign capital, *flings the doors wide open, and invites the pauper labor of all Europe to come here, and take the bread out of the mouths' of our laborers.* They are doing it at the rate of a million people a year. These men —seventy-five out of every hundred—come here with no intention to speak our language, no intention to learn our laws, no intention to be woven into the fabric of American civilization, no intention of becoming assimilated, no intention of becoming melted up in the great national melting pot. Italian colonies at the North remain Italian. Polish, Hungarian, Lithuanian colonies remain Polish, Hungarian, and Lithuanian in tongue, and in ideals, the same as they were at home. The Roman Catholic Church has planted Roman Catholic colonies all over the West, and is now planting them in the South, especially in the State of Florida, and one of the results, that has already been reached, is that in the State of Florida, *the Roman Catholic colony—St. Anthony's—compels the state executive democratic committee to pass a rule that no member of a secret order, who allows his religion to influence his vote, shall vote in a Democratic Primary.* Roman Catholics can do it, but Protestants must not. Roman Catholics vote for their religion, and

their Pontiff, every time, when they get the chance, but Protestants must not do it. The result of it is, that the party in Florida has been torn to pieces. We will have the same thing here in Georgia, if we keep on sleeping.

When we find two locomotives, with a long train of cars behind them, rushing at forty, fifty, or sixty miles an hour on a single track, one going directly east, and the other directly west, what's bound to happen? A COLLISION AND A TRAGEDY. Years and years ago, Abraham Lincoln said "This Republic cannot exist half slave and half free", and a war of four years followed. As sure as you live, the despotic principles of Popery, and the historic principles of Democracy and Republicanism, *cannot travel the same track, going in opposite directions, without a collision and a tragedy.* (Applause).

The Cordele citizens' meeting adopted strong resolutions in favor of *RURAL CREDITS.* Every merchant, every banker, every professional man, in the South is directly interested in that issue, just as the farmers are. Did you know that even in Russia, where we think the Czar is so autocratic, they have a system of loans, that acts directly for the benefit of the farmers? I have it here—I will not read it now, but I will make it a part of my remarks when my speech is published. Did you know that Prussia has had that kind of a system ever since the days of Frederick the Great, 1768, before the beginning of our Revolutionary War? Did you know that France had such a system time out of mind, *money loaned by the Government directly, or to those, who will lend it for the special use of the farmer?* What is the result? Did you notice that, when the last French loan was offered, it was taken up by whom—not the Morgans, or the Rockefellers, or the Vanderbilts, with their millions; *it was taken by the farmers, by the peasants, by the men who, under their credit system, had made money, and had saved it up at home.* They went to the Government with their hundreds of millions of dollars, and turned it over, and got the Government bonds. This Government couldn't travel far in a war by using *your* money, could it? (Laughter and Applause). How long could we fight Germany, on the money in *your* pockets? Think of it!! You have the most fertile soil, and the most advantageous situation, and the most wonderful climate for producing anything and everything, in direct proportion to the labor that is placed on it. What's the trouble? You can't get anything for it after you make it. If you don't make enough, and want to borrow some money from the Government, they cuss you out. If you make too much, and you want to borrow some money from the Government, they cuss you worse than ever. You never can get it right—you either produce too much or too little.

Listen. The Democratic Party met at Baltimore in 1912, and adopted a platform, and in that platform they tell us that it was just what they said they were going to do. They have got it in the platform. They said: "We must keep our word with you this time; we may have fooled you in the past, but we have all got converted now, and we mean to keep our word with you. Forgive us for the past and we won't fool you any more." Let me see if I cannot give the exact words of "Professor" Wilson. (Applause). The platform said "Our pledges are made to be kept,

when in office, as well as relied upon during the campaign." The "Professor" amplified that by saying in his speech in New Jersey, on the 5th day of August, 1912, just after the nomination—he was feeling good and happy of course, and this is what he said—"Our platform is not molasses to catch flies. It means business. It means what it says. It is the promise of earnest and honest men who intend to do business along those lines, and who are not waiting to see whether they can catch votes with those promises before they determine whether they are going to act upon them or not." I think you will agree with me that that was a patriotic declaration. No man could have spoken fairer—"not made to catch flies, made by men who meant business", not talking just to hear themselves talk or to catch your vote, but doing it from a stern sense of duty, men who had their hands on the plowhandle, and meant to follow the mule down to the end of the row. What are those promises? It is always fatiguing to read from a book, and I will state it to you. One of those promises was, to spend less of your money. Another was, to stop the eternal creation of new offices and increase of salaries. Another was, to check the national bankers, and stop the outrageous usury, that was being exacted from the people. Another was to establish Rural Credits, so that the agricultural class, upon which rests the prosperity of the Republic, could get money from the Government, *on the same terms as national bankers.*

So much for the promises. What was the performance? Those were big promises, but there must have been some secret promises, because I notice a lot of things were done that are not in the platform. Therefore they must have been promised somewhere else, around the corners, or behind closed doors. What was one of them? *One of those secret pledges was to give the political negro, just as much patronage as any Republican administration has ever done.* They kept that promise. Lincoln Johnson (what's his color brother Blackburn? Mr. Blackburn: Lincoln is a live black) is a live black, Brother Blackburn says. They gave him a live office too—Recorder of Deeds in Washington City, where his duties made him not only the boss of white men and white women working under him, but whose duties brought him in contact with white people, who transact the most of the business in that office. My recollection is that the salary was the nice little sum of $8,000.00. *The Republicans had appointed a negro judge of the city court of Washington City*—his name is Robert Terrell—*and "Professor" Wilson immediately reappointed him, and he is on that roost yet—Judge of the City Court of the capital of the proudest nation on earth.* He is there right now, and he is not only a "nigger", but a Republican "nigger". Why? Because, as "Professor" Wilson himself explained to the country, he had made a secret bargain to that effect.

There must have been a secret bargain as to the money law. The Democratic platform denounced the Aldrich Bill. Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, tried to pass it, legalizing the money trust. J. Pierpont Morgan went in person to help him do it. They couldn't do it. They failed to pass it, but the very first thing that "Professor" Wilson did, when he got in the White House, was to crack his whip over Congress, and tell them to pass that law. And they did! What does that new law do? In the first place, the Aldrich

Bill has provided that the national bankers should pay five per cent. interest for that new money, "emergency currency". Our Democratic party, yours and mine (Laughter) altered the Aldrich Bill, and *lowered the rate of interest from five per cent. to three per cent. in behalf of the Wall Street money trust*, making the difference of two per cent. on $430,000,000. What else? Under the Republican law, those banks had to maintain a certain sum of money as a reserve fund. Under "Professor" Wilson's law, they have to maintain a very much smaller reserve, the amount of difference between what they had to have as reserve and the new reserve being $500,000,000. In other words, it released $500,000,000., belonging to the national bankers, *so they could turn it loose, and get interest on it.* What else? Formerly the national bankers were required to buy Government bonds, as a basis and security for the new notes. How was it changed? That provision was wiped out by the new law, which said that any good stocks, bonds, notes, commercial paper would answer. Therefore, how did it work? Let's take a banker here in Thomson, for instance, a national banker. We will call him Smith. We will take a farmer here in McDuffie County; we will call him Brown. Brown wants to borrow $1,000., and he goes to Banker Smith to get it. Banker Smith takes Brown's note for $1,000., bearing 8 per cent. interest, payable to Smith; and Smith, the banker, issues $1,000. of his notes to Brown, the farmer, *and thus the bank uses the note of the farmer as the security on which it issues money to him.*

If the Government considers the farmer's note good security for the new emergency money, why shouldn't the Government take that note, issues the money directly to the farmer, and cut out the usurious middle-man—the national banker?

Under this new law—listen—under this new law, these national banks were given the privilege to begin, in December, 1915, *to retire the old two per cent. bonds, and take in their place, new three per cent. bonds.* Seven hundred million dollars in two per cent. bonds are being retired, to make way for three per cent. bonds. That will be a difference in favor of the banks of seven million dollars a year for the whole twenty years that the new bonds run, a little gift of $140,000,000.

Rural credits—offered to the farmer to stimulate, encourage, and entrap him! They sent a Commission to Europe to study plans, when they could have studied them at home. The Commission came back, and announced their plans, and pocketed their salaries. Bills were introduced, and the Republican Senate passed one, and the Democratic House killed it. Now what? Now what? You are right on the eve of another campaign, and no serious effort is being made to give you rural credits.

In 1914 the sudden opening of the war in Europe disturbed every condition here in America. Various people rushed to Uncle Sam and "Professor" Wilson for help. Various people got it. There were a lot of globe trotters traveling in Europe for pleasure, to see the scenery. They didn't belong to the class of "See America First." They wanted to see Europe first, and the United States Government gave them two and a half million dollars to come home on, *your money*, and *you* have never been able to see America, much less Europe. Has Uncle Sam collected that money? No, no. They

can't find the men that got it. They all ducked under. They had given wrong names and addresses. Collectors went to the street and number, and no such man ever lived there. It was one of the most farcical things I ever heard of in my life. Of course I say it with great respect you know. (Laughter). A man, who is under one indictment, and threatened with four or five more, has to be careful what he says. (Laughter and Applause). I was admonished a few days ago, with more or less directness, that I had better be careful what I said here today. That's the reason I am so careful. (Laughter and Applause). Those fellows had better be careful how they read what I say here, too. (Applause).

Well, the silver miners got in trouble. They had silver, and they couldn't eat, drink, or wear it. The Government gave them fifteen million dollars of your money for silver, that the Government didn't need, and so far as I know has never used. What else? They took thirty-five million dollars of your money, and gave it to the big men, who were developing Alaska. Did you ask for anything? Not for any favors, not for any alms. You are no tramp, and no beggar, asking for a hand-out, but you said: "*You made me a promise in your national platform, and I demand that you keep it. Give us a square deal. Treat us right. Do by us like you did with the national bankers, and the silver mine owners. Give us the rural credits you promised us*, so we won't be forced to sell our cotton at four to six cents a pound." What response did you get? "Professor" Wilson steeled his heart, deafened his ears, and told Charles Barrett, and the other delegations, *that the farmers need not expect any help from the Government.* Did he talk that way before the election? No, they never do. Before the election their platform promises "ain't molasses to catch flies". After the election, the flies can go to Hades, and stay there. They count on people forgetting, and fooling them the next time with another promise.

What happened? Insurance rates on ships carrying merchandise and cotton soared upward, on account of the danger of crossing the ocean. The rates got to be twenty-five and thirty per cent., according to the statement that I finally cork-screwed out of the Treasury Department in Washington. The men, who were gambling in your cotton; didn't want to pay that much insurance. So they said to "Professor" Wilson and Uncle Sam, "Take the Government into the insurance business", and they did it. They took millions of dollars of your money out of the treasury *to create an insurance fund*, and the very cotton, Mr. Chairman, that was sold here in Thomson for five and six cents, *was insured by the Government a few days afterwards, for seventy dollars a bale.* The farmer got his thirty and the gambler his seventy. When the ship went down at sea, they paid an average of sixty-seven dollars and a half for the bales on one, and seventy dollars for those on the other. You have heard people howling about England stopping our cotton, as if the gamblers in Savannah, in Atlanta, in Baltimore, in New York, and in New Orleans, lost the cotton. It is a matter of fact, absolutely and literally, *that the British Government paid twelve cents a pound for every bit of that cotton. The gamblers had bought it for six.* Of course they had rather carry it to Germany and get twenty-five cents, because gamblers are just human, you

know, but they did get twelve, by reason of the fact that the Government had gone into the insurance business in their interest. *What did it do for you?* Nothing. What is it going to do for you? Nothing, *not until you organize*, and say "You have got to do right, or we will put you out of office." (Applause).

The Government made, as I remember the figures, $430,000,000. of new money, running the presses night and day, Sunday and Monday. There is no Sabbath day to be kept holy, when Wall Street wants it violated. There is no respect for the Lord, when Wall Street wants money for itself. The Lord can wait; Wall Street cannot. When Wall Street wants money on Sunday, it gets it. So they ran the presses day and night, Sunday and Monday, to make that new money, loaned it to the national bankers and the cotton gamblers at three per cent., and what interest did they charge? Here's the report, Mr. Chairman, made by John Skelton Williams, Comptroller General of the United States Treasury, and he said that on all that money, that new three per cent. money, *the interest rates charged went from eight per cent. to twenty-four hundred per cent.* He said particularly that the bankers in Dallas, Texas, where so much cotton was bought at six cents a pound, *charged twenty per cent. for every dollar they put out, money for which they were paying three per cent.* If the farmers of Texas got any of it, at any per cent. they were luckier than we were. Not a single farmer in Georgia got a dollar of it, and applications were made too. More than that, "the buy-a-bale movement", which put you in the attitude of beggars to the North and East, not a farmer alive could get any of that ten cents on that buy-a-bale movement.

(I didn't, and I got thirty bales, me and my boys). You ain't the only one. We are all in the same boat. Now they want to abolish the office of John Skelton Williams, because he wants to do right by the people.

At the time President Wilson demanded those new taxes, $100,000,000, the national banks held $75,000,000 of the people's money, on deposit at 2 per cent. Rather than draw out this money, and perhaps *inconvenience* the pet millionaires, the President drew out from the pockets of the unprivileged, the sum that Democratic extravagance had made it necessary for the treasury to have.

"Professor" Wilson, in his latest series of speeches, has gone farther than the Republican party ever went in demanding a big army and a big navy—*MILITARISM!!* He says we must have the biggest navy of any nation on earth. It has only been four years since the Democratic party put a veto on the Roosevelt policy of having *two battleships a year*, and poor Roddenberry of south Georgia worked himself to death to defeat that two-battleship plan. Now what? We must have more battleships than any country in Europe has got. Did you ever hear the Democratic party denounce militarism? The language is so much stronger than any that I can use, I'm going to use it: This is the Democratic platform of 1900. It says: "We are opposed to militarism." We? Who? We, democrats, we oppose it! "It means conquest abroad and intimidation and oppression at home. It is what millions of our citizens fled from Europe to escape", and so on. I won't read it all now, but I assure you our great national democratic party never put forth a stronger declaration than it did *against the very thing they are*

now trying to do. They tell you that times and conditions have changed—but principles have not. Men have changed; conditions have changed; but principles, thank God, never change. *You cannot maintain a democracy with a standing army. You cannot maintain a republic with a standing army.* Navies are not dangerous to liberty, because they are on the seas; but standing armies have been the deadliest foe to liberty, and your ancestors said so from the very beginning of this Union. *Militarism?* Does not everybody know that it means an enormous increase of expenses, an enormous encroachment upon popular rights, an enormous danger to our democratic-republican, civilization, and that every regiment, that is created will mean another *Roman Catholic chaplain*, who is made by law now *a captain in the army.* He issues the command that non-Catholics come to the Catholic services, and they have to go, as a matter of discipline. *Thus freedom of worship is destroyed.*

I wish I had time to go into that subject more fully, and to show you the dangers of having a Roman Catholic Jesuit, like Tumulty, standing between us and the President. We can't reach him by letter, nor by telegram, nor by telephone, nor by word of mouth, until we are strained through the stop-gap of Tumulty, the Jesuit. If Tumulty thinks well of us, we can go through. Otherwise the cattle must stay where they are. We have the Pope's ambassador there, *an ambassador from the church*, an ambassador from the Pope, *and he takes precedence of all other ambassadors.* Year by year, they are capturing more at West Point. As they increase the officers, more and more, that will help the Romanists, *officers of the Pope.* The further we go into that Pan-American union, the more we go towards the Pope. The more we go out to the Roman Catholic Thanksgiving, to kiss the Cardinal's ring, the more we gravitate towards the Pope.

Cardinal Gibbons says we must not have any war with Germany for killing 116 Americans on the Lusitania. I don't say that we should. He says we must not embroil ourselves because of the atrocities in Belgium; I don't say that we should; but he says in the same breath "*Send the army down to Mexico.*" Why? Because Mexico is kicking the Catholic priests out, and breaking up a domination, that has existed for over three hundred years. Cardinal Gibbons says that the Americans, who were killed on the Lusitania, ought not to have been there. There was no law against it, and there was an international law, that said they should not be harmed. *But every priest and every nun, that is in Mexico, is there in violation of the Constitution of Mexico.* They took their lives in their hands, when they went there. The Constitution of 1857, adopted the year after I was born, forbids the Jesuits and nuns to live there at all, because for nearly four hundred years *they had been a curse to the country.* Therefore, whatever is done to a priest in Mexico, is done in accordance with Mexican law. Cardinal Mercier, speaking of Belgium, says that villages have been wantonly destroyed, says that men, women and children have been butchered, in the most cruel and barbarous manner; says that priests have been shot and nuns outraged. They clamor against German treatment, in Belgium. It is not my province to pass upon that question at all, but I will say this: *If Mexico didn't hate the very ground that the Spanish grandee walks on, and the very breath that the Roman*

Catholic priest breathes, the Mexican would not be a red blooded man. (Applause). Sometime ago I published in The Jeffersonian a statement of so late a date as 1895, *that they were burning heretics in Mexico because they were heretics, and not Catholics.* As usual, the American priests denied it, and demanded my authority. I had to write to the New York World; there is the reply written from the editorial rooms of the New York World, citing me to the very number of the paper, in which it appeared. It first appeared in the Daily World Sunday, November 3, 1895. What was it? On November, about the first of November, the second or third, the Roman Catholic priest demanded the burning of ten natives of the land under the law of Rome, which puts a heretic to death, because he is a heretic, and not a Catholic. Their names were:

(These being Spanish names and rapidly read, the reporter could not catch them all, but they are in the possession of Mr. Watson, and among the number were the names of three women and a baby).

Have Villa's troops burned two nuns? Have Carranza's troops burned two nuns? Have they burned any women at all? Maria Conceptione, a third woman burned to cinders, and a child, a baby! Great God in Heaven! only 1895, *burning a helpless little child in Mexico, because its mother was not a Roman Catholic;* and now Cardinal Gibbons, and Archbishop Blenck and Cardinal O'Connell are clamoring at "Professor" Wilson to send the army down there, *and reinstate that kind of a priesthood.*

I don't have to confine myself entirely to the New York World. Here's a report, that was made to the Pacific Baptist by the Rev. E. R. Brown, a Baptist missionary. He talks about having searched in the cellar of one of those Roman Catholic hell-holes. What did they find? "With an official as guide, I went down by a trap door, a concealed stairway, into a vault, where by the light of a candle *I saw hundreds of skulls of men and women and children, bones of all kinds, portions of womens' remains with flesh and hair still clinging to them; bodies, which had been cut up, packed in small boxes, and covered with quick-lime, and concealed in the wall or buried in the floor.*" Not long ago in digging up the foundations of a Roman Catholic institution in Savannah, three bodies were found lying one on top of the other, with lime in between, to eat up the bodies and the bones.

What else? Admiral Fletcher, of the United States Navy, reports that, when he examined the dungeons, the Roman Catholic dungeons, at Vera Cruz, he found "many cells were below the water line, when the tide was running in, at which time the inmates—many of them half blind on account of their long incarceration in the darkness,—were drenched. Their dungeons were so constructed that it was impossible for the victims to lie down. *Ancient devices of torture were discovered, and there was evidence that these had recently been in use.*" That report was made year before last. And now, they want to force this country to reassert the conquest of the Spaniard, and the tyrannical yoke of a rotten priesthood, upon that republic, which is struggling for the same separation of church and state, that your ancestors and mine struggled for and obtained.

What are the dangers of Popery? I am going to tell you, I'm going to dwell on that just a little bit. First, it's fundamental law

is irreconcilable to ours. Theirs makes for monarchy, ours for democracy. It forbids the individual to read the Bible, or any other book except those dictated by the Pope. It condemns liberty of conscience. It condemns free speech and free press. It combats public schools. It enthrones superstition and idolatry. It exercises a tyrannical power over the minds and souls of its votaries, and usurps the place of Jesus Christ. It teaches that those, who antagonize it, should be persecuted and destroyed. It teaches union of church and state, and violates the sanctity of marriage. I wish I had time to read you some of these things, but I won't take up your time today.

Let me show you. You see that post-card picture? That's a picture of a young man twenty years old. What did the Roman Catholic Church do to him in France, just about the time that Patrick Henry was saying in the Virginia Legislature "*Give me liberty or give me death?*" What did they kill him for? Here's the message. It was sent to me by the Rev. A. E. Seddon, a distinguished Christian missionary at that time in France, "Chevalier De la Barre failed to salute"—failed to take off his hat and kneel—*when the priests passed there bearing a lump of dough that they had turned into Jesus Christ;* that this man was arrested, tried, condemned, and sentenced. He was then *tortured*, just like Admiral Fletcher says they have been recently doing down there at Vera Cruz; after which *his tongue was torn out by the roots*, and his right hand was chopped off in front of the church—the Roman Catholic Church of course. He was then *beheaded, and his body was thrown into the flames.* Why? Because he didn't take off his hat and kneel to the priests—his tongue cut out, his hand cut off, then they cut off his head, and burned his body; the same thing they were doing down here in Mexico, in 1895.

Listen. Here's a citation from the Supreme Court reports, a quotation from the case of The People against O'Sullivan. It is reported in the 104th New York Reports, page 481, also in 58th American Reports. The witness, who had suffered at the hands of her priest, who had dragged her modesty off of her in the confessional by those horrible questions, this woman testified that, while she lived with him, *the priest told her it was a sin to tell on a priest.* I found that same thing out, myself. (Laughter). And that, *if she ever told on a priest, she would go to Hell or Purgatory.* (Applause). I don't know which one I am headed for, but, if they don't get me there, it won't be because they ain't trying their best. (Applause).

Here's another Supreme Court report, from Massachusetts, Puritan Massachusetts, Plymouth Rock Massachusetts. (Where they hung witches my friend observes).

A few. What do you suppose the Supreme Court says about the Catholic Bishop? The Supreme Court says "Upon the plaintiff's averments the defendant (the Bishop, who had appointed this bad priest) *had no reason to apprehend that Petrarchi would DO MORE than seek to ruin the women of his parish by their consent*, and that he had no reason to apprehend that he would *drag a Catholic woman from the altar-rail, and commit upon her person the crime, for which we string up a "nigger"*. It's in the Supreme Court reports of Massachusetts.

Over here in Macon, as reported in the Macon papers just a day or two ago, a magnificent Georgia woman, Edith Mae Taylor, grand-daughter of one of the most prominent Baptist deacons we ever had in this state, told the jury that she had married her husband in good faith, under Georgia law. A minister of the protestant faith officiated, presumably a Baptist preacher; the State had issued the license, the license was properly returned by the minister. It's of record in the ordinary's office in Bibb County. Yet in five months after she was married, *a priest enforced the foreign law of the pope, and* made her husband believe that *the State of Georgia had no authority over Catholics in the matter of marriage.* Frank Boifeuillet was the name of her husband. He threw up to her, the wife of his bosom, the woman who had placed her little hand in his for the walk down the long path, the woman who would have stood by him, when everybody else had failed and ran away; Boifeuillet told her "*You are living in sin; you are no more than my concubine; unless you let the Catholic priest marry us, I will not live with you any more, and won't recognize you as my wife.*" She refused to submit to it. I glory in her spunk, (Applause) and in her womanhood. She went back to her father's house, and now she has done what our state law provides, obtained a divorce; and Boifeuillet treated the marriage with such contempt that he didn't even go about the court-house.

(At this point Major McGregor stated "The jury gave her a divorce day before yesterday, and restored her maiden name").

My friends, the same thing was done by a locomotive engineer, Bernard, who had lived with his wife many and many a year, happily, *until that infamous foreign law was brought in here, eight years ago, and the priests were ordered to enforce it, IN VIOLATION OF OUR LAW.* The same thing was done in Arlington in south Georgia.

I have here an affidavit of P. A. Seguin, who went before a Notary Public in Wisconsin, J. S. McDonald, and took a solemn oath as to the kind of obligation a priest has to take, when he is ordained. That oath makes him not only an enemy to your country, and your government, and your State, *but an enemy to you, and they are only waiting their time to enforce it.* When it's a case like Otis L. Spurgeon, it is stated in a telegram like this: "1914 —Kidnapped Sunday night from room in the hotel by a mob of over three hundred Catholic Knights of Columbus, beaten into insensibility, placed in an automobile, and taken fourteen miles out in the country." Rev. Mr. Hendry in Jacksonville, Fla., dared to preach against Popery to his own congregation, and Ben Burbridge, a Knight of Columbus, *cursed him villianously, and slapped his face in public, for preaching that sermon.* In Marshall, Texas, a lecturer is there to speak for Protestantism against Romanism. Four Knights of Columbus go to his room at the hotel, and in explanation afterwards they said they carried their arms because they expected "resistance." *Resistance to what?* To their orders that he leave town on the next train and stop lecturing there.

"Gentlemen, I stand upon my Constitutional right of free speech", said he. Then they immediately sprang upon him, and shot him through the heart, while his adopted daughter was cling-

ing to him and begging for his life. In this audience today is the lecturer, who has been speaking over at Macon, the Rev. E. A. Jordan, who came over here to attend this meeting. That man has been prosecuted from state to state, and court to court, for the very lectures he delivered over in Macon. They can't touch a hair of his head over there. Why? Because we had fixed for them by an organization of our own; and I will tell you, my friends, it has got to be done all over this country, if you don't want to see our people caught napping, and our principles endangered *by a foreign potentate's organization.* Let every man be prepared to shed his blood, if necessary, just like your ancestors did, *to keep what they got.* (Amen).

Think of the Pope saying, that every marriage among Christian people, and not celebrated by a priest, is no marriage at all, but *is filthy concubinage.* The Pope says it; the priests say it. Your mother was not your father's wife, according to them. She was the woman, that your father "was living with." That's the way they put it. It's an insult to every grave, that covers a true American wife and mother. It's an insult to every husband in America, who has gone and contracted marriage according to the laws of his country. I will tell you, my friends, I am pressing these things home on you today, for your serious thought and your earnest action, and I could not be made much happier than to hear our Protestant Church again begin to sound *the bugle notes of Protestant sermons.* (Applause).

They have indicted me (Applause) for sending obscene matter through the mails. There are a good many other people, who send matter through the mails. I more than half suspect that William Randolph Hearst is colleaguing with some of those prosecutors. I won't make the charge until I know it is true. Here's Wednesday, February 9th, 1916, William Randolph Hearst prints a picture of a beautiful woman, who is clothed in a sweet smile and a beautiful head of hair. She has not even got the figleaf that Eve got after her fall. She is there as she came from nature, unspoiled by any such impertinences as decent clothing. Here's another copy of Mr. Hearst's paper, a Sunday specimen. There is a man and a woman without a stitch of clothing on, and they are hugging one another as if the house was on fire.

(No prosecution yet?)

No prosecution. Here's another one. They call "Shadow Dancing." There are the shadows all right. I may remark incidentally, and in passing that there ain't enough clothing there to cast any shadow. This is the Washington Post, published next door to where "Professor" Wilson lives. They have got that naked man and naked woman, hugging one another, with intense earnestness, so much so that they forgot to dress before they went to hugging. Here comes another one, the New York Tribune, this is Horace Greely's old paper, showing some maids, and I can't see that there's anything there except what nature made. Here's a picture in a medical journal—no prosecutions as yet—here's some pictures from a high-class magazine, which if I had published, they would have said it was obscene; when other publishers publish that, they say it is "high art." This art is mighty high, if you'll notice it. (Applause).

Now in the Savannah News on yesterday, here's this statement, "Watson case to be heard in Georgia: failing to convict, matter may be taken elsewhere." The substance of it is that the Government, Democratic Government now mind you, is going to prosecute me in Georgia for those papers about the Frank case, those articles about the Frank case. If they can't convict me in Georgia—they are going to give you a chance to do it, but if you don't do it,—they are going to some other place, where somebody will do it.

(And we'll be right there with you, Tom).

Well, I don't know how many laws they intend to override, but I'm going to show you some, that I think they ought not to override. It's to your interest to see that they don't override them; it's to the interest of every citizen to see it. (Applause). At least one hundred and fifty thousand people in Georgia read those Frank-case articles, and at least ninety-eight per cent of those readers endorsed those articles. (Applause). I took my stand by the grave of that poor little factory girl, and I pleaded for her, as if she had been the richest woman on the face of God's earth. (Applause). My state was being defamed all over the Union. (And is now, as my friend Blackburn says): I took up her defense; pleaded her case at the bar of public opinion, showed what our law was, showed what the evidence was, showed from absolute conclusive facts that Leo Frank was guilty, and that we had given to him in our courts everything that we give to one another. For *that*, they say that they will ask a jury in Georgia to convict me, and, if Georgia won't do it, they will carry it to Chicago or some other place, where a jury will do it.

(They'd better try Jack Slaton, first).

If you say something that the Mormon Church does not like, they should carry you to Utah and try you there. If your "nigger" hired man accuses you of peonage, the "nigger" will look to the North to indict you, in Vermont or Connecticut, and take you up there to try you. If Dr. Gibson or Dr. Storey or Dr. Matthews, is accused of violating the Harrison Narcotic Drug Act, don't give Georgians a chance to try them; *take them up North; take them to New York, and try them up there.* Can you imagine a thing, that will be more destructive of your personal security, and your personal liberty, than a revolutionary procedure like that? *It would bankrupt any man, and any man's business, to be hauled around over the Union that way.*

What's the law about it? First, I will read a very few lines from an indignant oration by that great Democrat and great leader, Daniel W. Voorhees, who was Cleveland's leader in the Senate during his second term. Voorhees was in Maryland, trying a murder case. They changed the venue *from one county in Maryland to another.* It was not even proposed to take him out of the State. Voorhees said: "And what a scene I witnessed in January last in the county of Allegheney. I never beheld the like before, and I hope never again to see it. I saw an American state seeking to convict a man of crime, *though afraid to put him on his trial, where the alleged crime was committed.* It was his right there to be tried, *his right.* My associate counsel has read in the Constitution of Maryland this bill of rights.

It is there declared that one of the principal rights of the citizen is *to be tried where the facts arise.* When our forefathers alleged the causes, on which they fought King George seven bloody years, they laid down as a marked grievance that he transported American citizens beyond the seas to be tried for offenses committed here. It was one of the prominent causes, for which our fathers bled, for which Smallwood's Maryland regiment charged on the battle-field of the Revolution. *They fought for the right of trial where the offense was committed*, the right to be tried by their own peers and neighbors, *the right to be tried where the witnesses were known.*" Doesn't that strike you as good law and good common sense?

Here's "Blackstone's Commentaries," the text book for all law students. Did you know that *this Democratic administration is proposing to do just what the Pope Innocent III did, put a curse on the Great Charter?* Did you know that they are proposing to violate the *Magna Charta?* Why, my friends, all lawyers, who study, are aware of the fact that under King Alfred the Great, Mr. Chairman, when he codified the laws of the old Angles and Saxons, it was stipulated that every citizen accused of crime must be tried within his own circle of villages. When the Normans came in, and with their strong hands beat down the English, they trampled upon these ancient Anglo-Saxon liberties. They went further and further, making conditions more and more galling, until at last some of the Norman nobles leagued themselves with the native Anglo-Saxons, took their swords in their hands, went before King John on a summer's day in the valley of the Thames River, in the year 1215, and said to him "*You have not only got to sign a written promise that hereafter every man shall be tried in the neighborhood where he lives, but you have got to give a bond for it, and, if you don't do both, these swords are ready for you.*" It was a sort of "a mob," wasn't it? (Laughter). I'll tell you, when justice leaves the court house, when might instead of right takes the place of law, what are the people to do except they assert themselves, as the barons did? You see how carefully I am measuring my words. Here's what Blackstone says—Book IV, Chapter 27: "When a prisoner hath pleaded *not guilty* * * * the Sheriff of the county must return a panel of jurors * * * *freeholders of the neighborhood;* which is interpreted to be of the county *where the fact is committed.*"

The very language that Daniel W. Voorhees used in that great Maryland murder case. Blackstone states it, again, that it was one of the admissions of Magna Charter with regard to the administration of justice. "It (*Magna Charta*) fixed the court of common pleas at Westminster, and brought the trial of issues home to the very doors of freeholders, by directing assizes to be taken in the proper counties, and establishing annual circuits." Blackstone, Book IV, Chapter 33, paragraph 424. That's Sir William Blackstone. I wonder if Attorney General Gregory has forgotten his Blackstone, or does he intend to ignore it?

What kind of an oath did he take when he went into office? Presumably he swore upon Holy Writ to support the Constitution of the United States. What does the Constitution say about it? Here's Article VI of the Constitution, the highest law in this Republic, the law that Attorney General Gregory and "Professor" Wilson both swore to observe, respect and execute: "In all criminal

prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial", the public has got the right to be there. The public is not in any court, state or Federal, "by the grace" of any judge, Mr. Chairman. *The public is there by right*, just as much so as the Judge is. (Applause). "By an impartial jury of the state and district, wherein the crime was then committed."

That's the Constitution, and Mr. Gregory swore he would not bust the Constitution. (Laughter).

(He didn't know he was going to try a Populist, Tom). Mr. Reporter, I should have said what I read from then, was the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution, insisted upon by the states before they would ratify the Constitution. It makes it all the stronger, but in the Constitution itself our forefathers had thought they expressed the same principle with sufficient clearness. Here's what they say: in section 2 of Article 3 of the Constitution: "The trial of all crimes except in cases of impeachment shall be by jury, *and such trials shall be held in the state, where the said crime shall have been committed.*" That's the Constitution, and Gregory swore to observe it.

A few years ago, President Roosevelt became exceedingly angry with the editors of the New York World and the Indianapolis News. The District Attorney refused to be made a tool of by the President and he resigned his office, like a man. If I were District Attorney of the United States Court, and the Roman Catholic Church, or rich Jews of the North tried to make me wreak their vengeance upon a fellow Georgian, *I would resign my office before dark.* (Applause).

That case on January 3, 1911, was passed on in the Supreme Court of the United States. The court below had held that the President couldn't take a man out of his Circuit and out of his State. The United States Supreme Court unanimously held the same thing, and that's the latest decision on that subject. *Does the Government now propose to override Magna Charta, the Constitution, and the latest decision of the Supreme Court?.* There was never any violation of the Great Charter, until King George III began to take Americans over to England for trial, just before the Revolutionary War. Our people would not stand for it, and they fought seven years to put an end to it. Won't it be a wonderful thing, a wonderful thing, *if a Democratic administration patterns after King George, instead of paying respect to Magna Charta and to the Constitution of the country.*

(If they don't, this will be just before another war).

I have addressed you for two hours. There is very much more I might have said. I could go over the Frank case and summarize the points against that criminal, until not a single man would doubt that he was correctly convicted. He was the only man that had been in pursuit of that little factory girl. He was the only man that had the opportunity, that fatal Saturday. No one else had the motive. Her hair was found on the machine against which she fell, when he struck her in the face. The wound was there to show for the blow. *Her blood was on his floor, and it was nowhere else. He was the only man in Atlanta who couldn't account for himself during those fatal minutes*, when that crime was committed, and during those fatal minutes, when Monteen Stover, another white woman,

was in his office, waiting for him, wanting to get her money, and finding no one, went away without her money, not knowing what an awful tragedy was being enacted. He was the only man, that I ever heard of, *whose rich relatives employed the best lawyers for him, before the finger of accusation had ever singled him out.* He was the only man that I ever heard of, whose cook made a solemn affidavit that *he was wildly drunk*, according to his wife's statements, *the night after the crime*, wondered how he came to do such a thing, and *called for his pistol that he might kill himself.* He was the only man, who *refused to look at the poor little girl's body in the morgue.* Psychologically, it was impossible for him to do it. Here's a letter sent to me in confidence, a confidence which I must respect of course, but I will hand it to my newspaper friend, Ben Blackburn. It comes from the editorial rooms of one of the great daily papers in New York. There is an affidavit that William J. Burns offered to pay Boots Rogers $750., *if he would change his evidence, and say that Frank did look at that girl.* (Applause). Burns has got Boots Rogers with him now, and Rogers has said time and again, *that Burns does not dare to discharge him.* Frank was the only man, in whose behalf efforts were made to *run off witnesses, buy up witnesses, and change the testimony of witnesses.* Frank's wife was the only wife, white or black, rich or poor, that ever I heard of, *that would not go about her husband in his hour of trial. She stayed away for more than two weeks before they could get her to go.* What's your inference? That the cook told the truth, and the wife knew that her husband was not only unfaithful to her, but was a criminal, who deserved punishent, and who would probably get it.

(And he did get it!!! (Laughter).

There was a young man at my house the other day, brought there by the oldest son of Ernest Williams. He says: "Mr. Watson, *I saw and heard John M. Slaton in that law office, while they were trying to get up that extraordinary motion for a new trial, scaring witnesses, trying to change witnesses, trying to buy witnesses, bottling up the cook, and trying to bottle up Boots Rogers, and trying to bottle up Monteen Stover.*" The boy said "It's a great big desk, and *the detectives sat on one side and John M. Slaton on the other, and the reports were handed in to Slaton, and instructions handed back by him to the detectives.*" *THE GOVERNOR* of your state, acting as lawyer, while the case was pending in court, *ACTING WITH THE DETECTIVES WHEN THEY WERE USING THEIR ROTTEN METHODS*, acting with the detectives, when their purpose was *TO DEFEAT THE VERY LAW THAT JOHN M. SLATON HAD SWORN TO CARRY OUT!*

In the letter, that I handed my friend Blackburn, there is a statement that Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, was paid $2,000. to examine the record in the Frank case, and offered $15,000., if he would argue it in the Supreme Court. He took the $2,000. for his work, *but refused to have anything more to do with the case.* He had found the man was guilty, and he didn't want to be used just for the making of $15,000. What else? After the case had been turned down by the Superior Court, twice by the Supreme Court, once by the Supreme Court of the United States, once by the Pardon Board, *Luther Rosser goes to Senator James, and tries to get*

him to appear before John M. Slaton, FRANK'S OWN LAWYER, the man who had been instructing the detectives, while they were trying to defeat the law—Luther Rosser went to Senator Ollie James, and offered him a huge fee (I never heard the exact sum mentioned) *if he would argue the case before Rosser's partner, Slaton, and he said* as an inducement, "*You need not hesitate to take the case; you CANNOT LOSE IT.*" (Laughter). Again the splendid Kentuckian arose in his manhood, and refused to sell it. (Applause). Whenever the time comes that this Republic has not got men like those three New York farmers, who arrested Major Andre, the British spy, *our Republic will be rotten to the core, and our liberties approaching the graveyard.* What did those three humble farmers do? The British officer, in an agonizing plea for his life, knowing what the penalty would be, offered them his watch, offered them his purse, offered to pay any kind of ransom; and those plain simple country farmers said "*No sir; we are poor men; we make our living by working the fields; but the King of Great Britain has not got enough money to buy us.*" (Cheers).

If I know myself, I should not expect a favor from the Government, that was not equally yours. I ask nothing more for myself than I would ask for you, or for your sons, but I do say that in this matter I occupy a position, that is as old and as true as Anglo-Saxon institutions. They can take me out by brute force, if they are determined to do it. *I have never defied the Government; never defied the law or the courts; but I am standing on my rights as your fellow citizen, as a man, as a citizen of this Republic, that my ancestors bled for in years gone by, in the Civil War, in the Mexican War, in the War of* 1812, *and in the Revolutionary War.* I remember what it cost to wring these liberties of free speech and free press from tyrannical Popes and Kings. I say right here and now that, if I know myself, before I would compromise, or cringe, or crawl, or kneel, I would put my head upon the block, and have it chopped off. (Prolonged Applause).

Immediately following Mr. Watson's address, Mr. B. M. Blackburn offered the following Resolution which was unanimously passed by Mr. Watson's audience:

(Mr. Blackburn stated before offering the Resolution, "We have assembled here as Georgians; this is Mr. Watson's home, but in this audience may be found people from all sections of the state and now I want to put this resolution").

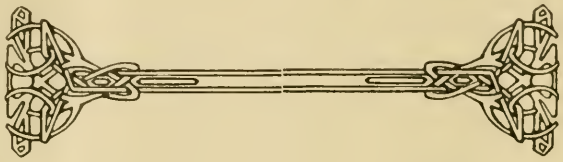
Resolved that we, the people of Georgia, assembled in the full enjoyment of their rights under the Constitution, earnestly and solemnly protest against the statements coming from the Department of Justice at Washington, which call for an indictment of a citizen of this state by the juries of other states under the plea that a Georgia jury will not respect their oaths as such jurors, and return a verdict according to the law and the evidence; that remembering the inherent right of a free people, we protest against such a revolutionary invasion of these rights, as is contained in the press reports, to the effect that, if Thomas E. Watson is not convicted in Georgia under the new indictment that would be ordered, then he would be cited to another state for trial;

That we do solemnly resent the slanderous imputation that the

juries of other states are more loyal to their oaths than are the juries of Georgia;

That we demand of our representatives in Congress that they investigate with all their power this attempt to take from the state the sacred rights of a citizen, and place upon our beloved state the blight of outlawry.

Feeling that we have the right to know the names of the twenty men in Georgia, who have said to the Attorney General that the Government cannot get justice in the trial of Watson in Georgia, we demand that our congressmen demand of this Department the names of these twenty men, who have thus slandered their state.



Autumn

John Joseph Scott

Autumn, and the golden-rod is dying—
The sun's soft rays are wan, and weakly glow
The woods are brown, and every sky is sighing
In cadence with the mournfulness below.

Autumn, and the winds are edged to keenness—
Encrumpled leaves turn earthward in their flight—
Majestic peaks have shed their wonted greenness.
And stark and naked face the winter's night.

Autumn, and the fields have lost their glamour–
Bewailing nature prays a heedless sigh—
But my heart's refused despite the clamor,
To shrivel, as the grasses do, and die!

Roman Catholicism and the American Idea

Ripley Arnold Hanrick

MUCH has been written of late concerning a man's religious belief as a test for office-holding under our government, and, incidentally, as to the relations of Church and State with us. But it seems to me that the heart of the matter has not been touched, and I beg leave to go deeper into the subject. Some have singled out the Catholic citizen as a *persona non grata* for President. The letter of President Roosevelt to Mr. Martin, of Ohio, in the fall of 1908 was full of sound sense and American fair play; and the article in the North American Review for March, 1909, by Cardinal Gibbons is a fine defence of Catholics, showing that they are now, and always have been, loyal Americans.

We heartily agree that they are thus loyal, and recall with pride their eminent array of names throughout the country's history; but at the same time we are prone to believe it is because they are Americans first and Catholics afterward. And the New York Lutheran objectors did not reflect upon Catholic loyalty now or in the past, but rather upon what might occur when their Americanism shall have become overshadowed by a stronger Catholicism.

There is an inherent antagonism between the American idea and the unchanging doctrines of Roman Catholicism. What is, in brief, the "American idea," which underlies all our institutions? In his "Beacon Lights of History," Mr. John Lord says it is threefold: "*First, that all men are naturally equal in rights; second, that a people cannot be taxed without their own consent; third, that they may delegate their power of self-government to representatives chosen by themselves.*" In the Declaration of Independence the Colonists stood clearly on the ground of the Social Compact Theory, this fact being well illustrated by John Bach McMaster in his "Acquisition of the Political, Social and Industrial Rights of Man in America." The leading features of this theory are: *that before there was any civil government man existed in a state of nature; in that state he was subject to natural rights; that as government had to be created, it was created by each individual yielding what he thought necessary for the good of all and for the establishment of organized authority: that when government proved to be unsatisfactory, the people had a natural right to amend it.* The preambles of the different State constitutions put these doctrines even more strongly than did the Declaration. But while many of these early constitutions imposed severe religious tests, most of them were later abolished, and church and state became separated in reality, and that is the settled American policy today.

It requires but a slight acquaintance with Roman Catholic teaching to observe how it is strictly opposed to the foregoing theories of government. The human origin of civil government, the consent of the governed, the inherent right of revolution, the absolute divorce of the sacred and secular, can never be reconciled with church doctrine. That learned and eminent publicist of last century, Orestes A. Brownson, tried to reconcile Democracy to Catholicity, but failed. He says, in his Review for January, 1873 (new series), that his greatest mistake had been in trying to present Catholic doctrine in a form least repulsive to his countrymen, and says: "*What is most needed in these times, perhaps in all times, is the truth that condemns point-blank*

the spirit of the age, and gives no quarter to dominant errors; and nothing can be more fatal than to seek to effect a compromise with them, or to form an alliance with what is called liberalism—a polite name for sedition, rebellion and revolutionism." (Works Vol. XX.-332.)

In a little volume by Cardinal Newman entitled "The Pope: How far does he control Conscience. How far does he interfere with Citizenship?" in the noted controversy with Gladstone, he says, page 93: "*All I know is that Toryism (that is, loyalty to persons) 'springs immortal in the human breast;' that religion is a spiritual loyalty, and that Catholicity is the only divine form of religion. And thus in centuries to come, there may be found out some way of uniting what is free in the new structure of society with what is authoritative in the old, without any base compromise with 'Progress' and 'Liberalism.'*"

In the magazine article by Cardinal Gibbons above referred to, His Eminence says that when Church and State are but two names for the same nation, then the union of the two is the logical and historical result. And so it has been; and when any particular body of believers become numerically predominant in this country, the same thing may happen. Father McDermott, of Philadelphia, is quoted as saying that the only reason why a union of Church and State in the Federal Government at the beginning did not occur is because no church had enough of a majority to impose its own belief.

His Eminence also says that there is a "twilight zone" where the two powers may and do conflict, even in our country. This is evidently so as regards education and marriage. The Hierarchy and the societies of laymen under their directions are now insisting on a pro rata of the school funds for the secular education given in parochial schools. This may be a just demand, for all we know: but up to now it is not American.

And as for marriage, we know that the laws of the two powers do seriously conflict. It is well established in church doctrine that Christian marriage is a sacrament, and that the "contract" and the "sacrament" are inseparable. In the "Conferences on Marriage" delivered at the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris by Pere Monsabre, O. P., is one (No. 4) entitled "Legislation on Marriage" (Benziger Bros., 1890), which is a very fine presentation of the Catholic view of this phase of the question. Space will not allow me adequately to quote from this interesting volume, but the positions taken in same are expressed perhaps stronger than in most works on the subject.

Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., in his "Catholic Ideals in Social Life" (1905) on page 63, says: "*We see at once how the church, regarding the home as the germ of Christian society and the type of Christian social life, can neither tolerate the free-love theory nor any theory which places the supreme control of the marriage bond either in the individual or in the State. The integrity and stability of the home is essential to Christian social life, and therefore the church can never surrender her claim to be the supreme arbiter in matters concerning the stability and sanctity of the marriage bond.*"

In a 587-page volume published by John Joseph McVey, of Philadelphia (1904), entitled "A Manual of Christian Doctrine, by a Seminary Professor," we find among other statements under the heading "Union of Church and State" the following:

"*117. What more should the State do than respect the rights and liberty of the Church? That State should also aid, protect and defend the Church.*"

"*119. What, then, is the principal obligation of heads of State? Their principal obligation is to practice the Catholic religion themselves and, as they are in power, to protect and defend it.*"

"*122. May the State separate itself from the Church? No, because it may not withdraw from the supreme rule of Christ.*"

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"*123. What name is given to the doctrine that the State has neither the right nor the duty to be united to the Church to protect it? This doctrine is called Liberalism. It is founded principally on the fact that modern society rests on liberty of conscience and of worship, on liberty of speech and of the press.*"

"*124. Why is Liberalism to be condemned? (1) Because it denies all subordination of the State to the Church, &c*"

The book from which the foregoing is taken is a part of the course in religious instructions in the institutes of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, where many of this country's youths are trained.

Now there is one more work from which I desire to quote, and one which is recognized authority in this country. I refer to "Elements of Ecclesiastical Law" (3 vols., in English), by Dr. S. B. Smith (Benziger Bros., 1895). In Vol. I., part 3, chapter 2, the author says (page 256): "*The second, or Catholic interpretation is that the Church, and therefore the Pope, has indirect authority over the State; and therefore the State is subject to the Church in temporal things, so far as they relate to eternal salvation, or involve sin. This indirect power of the Church over the State is inherent in the divine constitution and commission of the Church; but its exercise in the world depends on certain moral and material conditions by which alone its exercise is rendered either possible or just (page 257). It is therefore de fide that the Church, and therefore the Pope, has indirect power over the State, in temporal things that involve sin, is subject to the Church (258). Now the Church, it is true, never loses its jurisdiction in radice over the baptized; but unless moral conditions justifying its exercise be present, it never puts it forth in regard to heretics or the heretical state.*"

From a careful reading of the foregoing recent utterances, in the light of history, it is not so difficult to surmise as to when, in this country, the "moral and material conditions for the exercise" of said jurisdiction may become present. Hence, while the Lutheran objectors may be wrong in opposing a man for President on account of his religion *per se*, they would yet be justified in their opposition if they had reason to think that his religion would cause him to take an official course so thoroughly contrary to the spirit of our American institutions.

It is sound Americanism to give a man fair play and a fair field on his own merits; but it is equally as un-American for any church organization to attempt to carry out a program in line with the doctrines and instructions of the foregoing quotations. It is American to uphold the Constitutional proviso respecting the free exercise of religion; but it would be very un-American for the President to send an Ambassador to the Vatican, or to recognize a Papal Nuncio at Washington.

The Fairbanks and Roosevelt episodes in Rome have only served to emphasize the difference between the American Idea and the Catholic views and methods. The rank and file of the Catholic laity in this country are good citizens, no doubt; but in shaping church laws, polity and doctrine they have no voice, and whenever they speak on such subjects, it is only to echo words already spoken for them by the Clergy, Hierarchy or the Pope. The governing body of the Church constitutes a ruling class whose ideas are inherited from age to age, and whose real policy is always the same. The American Government is based on ideas that are regarded by the Church as pure heresy; and any apparent reconciliation of same in practice is only a toleration of existing conditions until such time as the Church's ideal may be attained. A study of the leading bulls, briefs, encyclicals, syllabi, &c., of the Popes and the decrees of the Sacred Congregations will serve to enlighten us on this important subject. Perhaps some future Henry Charles Lea will give us these interesting documents in English dress. In the meantime, we think the facts advanced in this article will merit the judicious consideration of the American people.

Letters from the Plain, Common Folks

A LETTER FROM A LECTURER.

445 Fischer Ave.

Dear Sir: We are in the midst of the second battle in this city at the present time. Having spent about four months last spring lecturing to thousands in this section of the country who came to the auditorium in Detroit during the meeting, several weeks ago, upon the invitation of the bible christian and patriotic people, we were asked to lead a second Protestant convention in defense of merican principles and Bible christianity.

To accommodate this meeting, the people erected a large tabernacle with a seating capacity of about 2500, well arranged for the accommodation of the people. We commenced the battle against the devil the pope, exposing the Jesuitical spirit of the church of Rome, as well as its soul-blighting, immoral theology, and continued with several interruptions, until last night when, under a technical loop in the city ordinances, providing for temporary tabernacles, our doors were closed just a few hours before the delivery of one of our big lectures, illustrating and exposing the damnable black convent system of the church of Rome. However, the people got busy immediately and we again secured our last year's quarters and lectured to a big crowd, boiling with enthusiasm because of conditions.

While our lecture was proceeding in St. Andrew's hall a large mob of from 500 to a thousand Romanists congregated about the tabernacle which is a large, substantial, wooden structure over which floats the American flag and threatened to demolish the building and kill the speaker. The murderers and cut-throats in the crowd attacked certain Protestants in the vicinity and beat them, knocked down several and pounded them up. It is reported to our office this morning that as many as seventy-five were seeking to hammer and bruise one Protestant. We have no report, as yet, from the police department.

Tonight and tomorrow, the Lord willing, we will speak in St. Andrew's hall and until such provision is made that will grant us a building permit with the assurance of police protection. While we put in four months last year, tearing down the black theology and the unscriptural teaching of the church of ..ome, we believe that this move on the part of Rome will be as far reaching in awakening the heart of Protestantism in this vicinity as would be accomplished in the delivery of scores of lectures.

Our converts from popery in the last campaign ran into the hundreds and perhaps thousands. As you know, our headquarters have been permanently located in this city. We are here to live, labor and lecture to the end, according to the will of God. We will either be at the tabernacle or one of the largest auditoriums to be secured for at least sixty days. Kindly make this announcement in your paper. In the meantime, we beg to remain,

Yours truly in the cause of American Civil Liberty and Bible Christianity.

FORD HENDRICKSON.

CHURCH AND STATE.

Dear Sir: After having read T. E. W.'s letter on pages 106 and 108 of my December Magazine though I am only an ignoramus, I cannot resist trying to answer this question. The question I refer to is how in the name of heaven can I smash the money power, or rather, as I would put it, the power of enthroned corruption in Church and State? I will say by the predestined method which is given us in the prophecies of the Bible. As references read Jeremiah 25, Joel 1-2, Exodus 2nd book, 15-16, Matthew 24 and the book of John the revelator. That answers the question fully for the time spoken of by the prophets is at hand.

Ten years more will finish the work of the overthrow of corruption. The war in Europe is the commencement of the end. The time of trouble spoken of in Daniel 12th chapter, and it will go on to the close of 1926. See Revelation 13-5-18.

Our part will commence soon after the next administration comes into power and then after the deluge of flood is over, Shilo will arrise with heeling in his wings. See Malachi 4-2. Therefore let us rejoice for then shall iniquity be taken away from among us. See 2nd Exodus 52.

JOHN F. JUDY.

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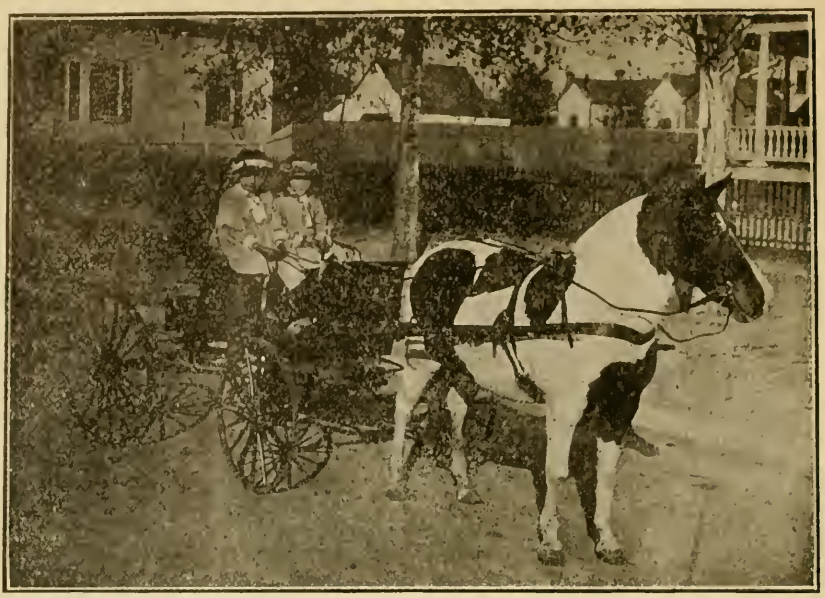

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